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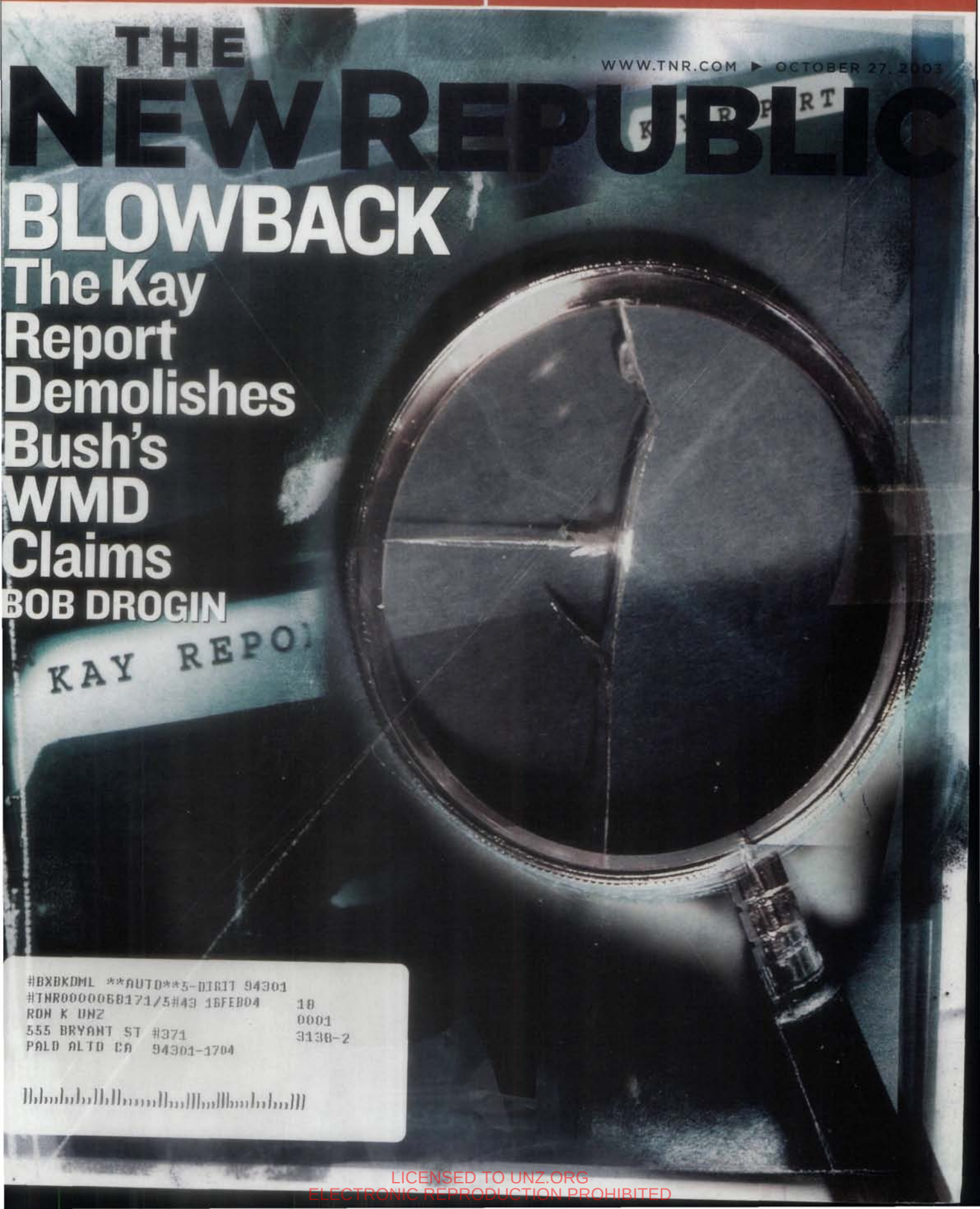
BLOWBACK

The Kay Report Demolishes Bush's WMD Claims

BOB DROGIN



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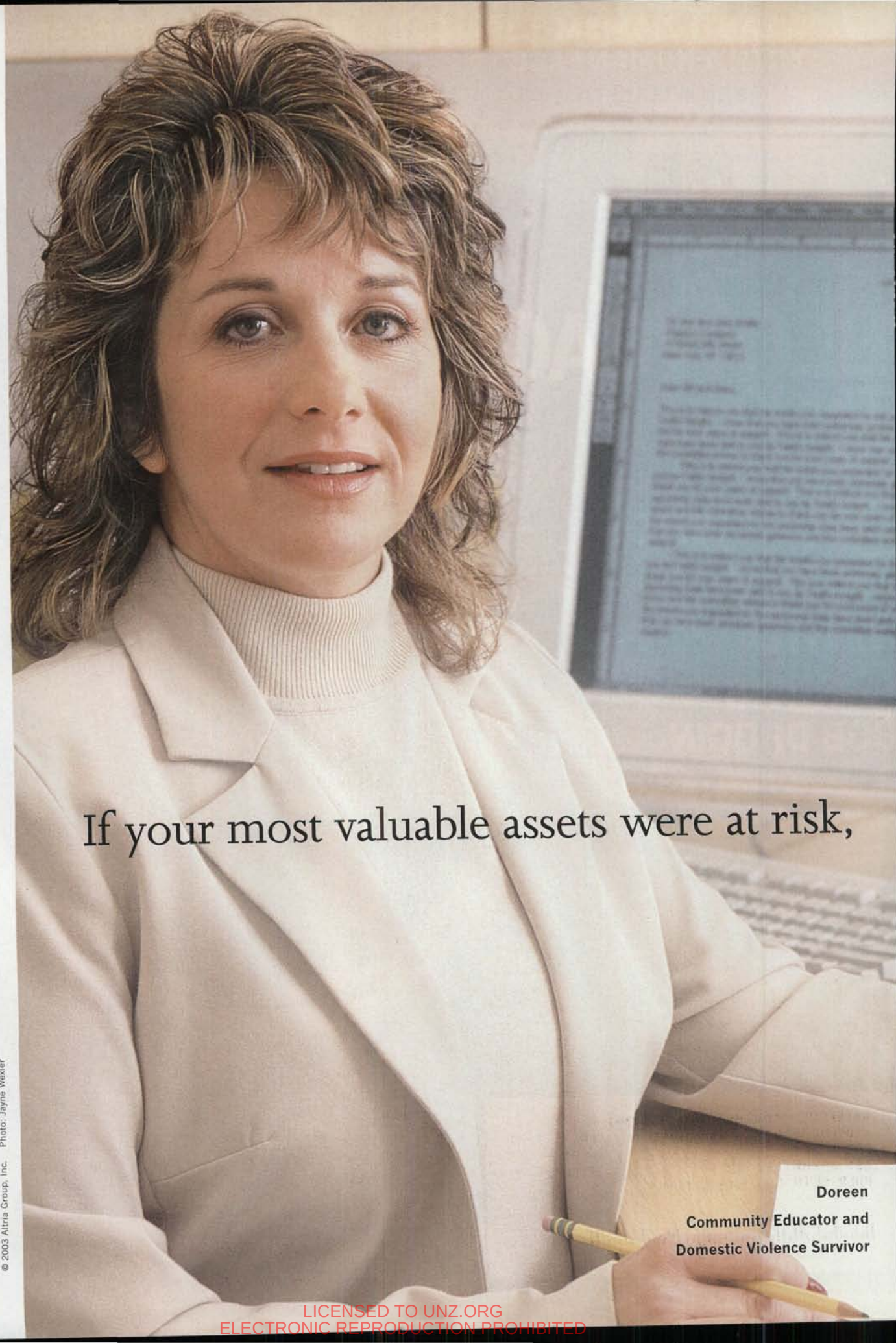

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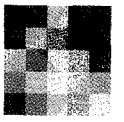

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UPDATE

SAUDI ARABIA: WAR ON TERRORISM

INTERNATIONAL COOPERATION

Many of the world's nations have long relied on internal agencies and controls to guard against terrorist infiltration and to thwart potential attacks. Now, however, governments around the world are being asked to acknowledge their responsibility to the global community by sharing information and intelligence on would-be threats.

International cooperation is essential to successfully defeat terrorism. Saudi Arabia supported many international efforts through multilateral and bilateral agreements long before the war on terrorism reached American soil. In 1996, for example, Saudi Arabia established a joint Counter-Terrorism Committee with the United States. This task force, comprised of intelligence and law enforcement personnel, was formed to share information on Al-Qaeda.

Since September 11, our two nations have stepped up cooperation by meeting regularly to exchange information and resources, as well as develop action plans to root out terrorist networks. We clearly recognize the need to publicly report our progress as we assess the effectiveness of our initiatives:

- In August 2003, a new U.S.-Saudi task force was formed to concentrate on terror financing.

- In May 2003, a U.S.-Saudi task force was organized from across law enforcement and intelligence agencies to share "real time" intelligence. This enables us to work side by side in joint operations to combat imminent threats.

- Also in May 2003, Saudi authorities worked closely with U.S. and British law enforcement agents who came to the Kingdom to assist in the investigation of the Riyadh attacks.

- Saudi Arabia has provided extensive intelligence and military cooperation in the assault on Al-Qaeda. Public disclosures to date have revealed major Saudi contributions to the breakup of a number of Al-Qaeda cells, the arrests of key Al-Qaeda commanders, and the capture of numerous Al-Qaeda members.

- Saudi Arabia is actively engaging other countries to locate and extradite Al-Qaeda operatives who may be hiding in those countries.

We remain committed to working closely with the United States and other allies in the world community to ensure that information is effectively shared between all nations dedicated to ending the scourge of terrorism.

"The target of the Al-Qaeda terrorists is Saudi Arabia and the United States and the 70-year relationship that has benefited both our peoples; and at a time when we are working together to bring peace and stability to the people of the Middle East, their aim is to destroy our alliance through violence. But they will not succeed."

Prince Bandar bin Sultan, Ambassador of Saudi Arabia to the United States
May 13, 2003

"The Saudis are providing increasingly important support to our counter-terrorism efforts – from arrests to sharing debriefing results."

George Tenet, CIA Director
February 11, 2003

THE PEOPLE OF SAUDI ARABIA
Allies Against Terrorism
www.saudiembassy.net

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
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OCTOBER 27, 2003 WASHINGTON, D.C. ISSUE 4,632 VOLUME 229

Cover Story

Bob Drogin **23** **Friendly Fire** The White House cites the Kay report as proof that Saddam Hussein had an active WMD program that threatened the United States and the world. The truth is exactly the reverse: The Kay report demolishes President Bush's prewar WMD claims. And David Kay seems to know it.

Politics & the World

6 **CORRESPONDENCE** Can Americans stomach deaths in Iraq? &c.

Peter Beinart **8** **TRB | Continental Divide** Howard Dean, Richard Gephardt, and the two Democratic Parties.

The Editors **9** **Soul Mates** President Bush says Vladimir Putin is a great ally in the war on terrorism. If only he were right.

10 **NOTEBOOK** John Edwards v. a democratic Iraq, &c.

Michael Crowley **12** **On the Hill: Blind Rage** Congressional Democrats don't have logical arguments against the Bush administration's $87 billion request for Iraq. But logic isn't motivating them; rage is.

Massoud Ansari **13** **Kandahar Dispatch: Return of Jihadi** The Taliban aren't merely regrouping. They're recruiting a whole new generation.

Michael Grunwald **16** **Washed Away** The Bush administration talks a good game about "sound science." The fight over the Missouri River tells a different story.

Leon Wieseltier **20** **What is Not to be Done**
Israel, Palestine, and the return of the bi-national fantasy.

Michael Crowley **42** **WASHINGTON DIARIST | Fresh Faced**

Books & the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann **28** **FILMS | Ministry and Mystery** Top-notch performances and directing lift *Luther* beyond low expectations; *The Flower of Evil* is just what Chabrol fans anticipate.

Jed Perl **30** **ART | Not-So-Simple Simplicity** From the first daguerreotypes to Diane Arbus and the latest hipster incarnations, photography is always an expression of the observer's relationship to reality.

Martha C. Nussbaum **34** **Dr. True Self** *Winnicott: Life and Work* by F. Robert Rodman

Deborah Friedell **39** **Tap Tap Tap** *Quicksilver* by Neal Stephenson

Anthony Lacavaro **40** **POEM** | *After Homer, When a Sea Is Breathed*

PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BY *Anastasia Vasilakis*

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CORRESPONDENCE

DEATH BE NOT PROUD

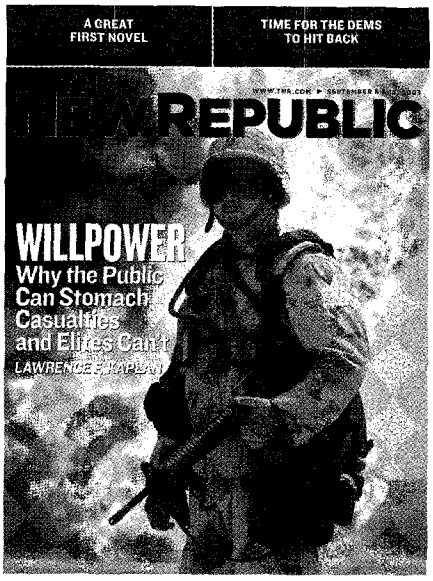
LAWRENCE F. KAPLAN ARGUES that, despite the political elite's growing intolerance of casualties in Iraq, the public remains steadfast in its support of the operation, including a willingness to incur a significant number of American fatalities ("Willpower," September 8 & 15). In his words, there is an "absence of a correlation between casualties and public support."

Well, not quite. Kaplan reaches this conclusion based on both a superficial reading of some of the academic literature as well as a blanket acceptance of conclusions derived from problematic social science (e.g., the research of Gelpi/Feaver and Kull/Ramsay). A more discerning review would have uncovered that, while support for the use of force is affected by factors in addition to casualties, the leading factor that drives public opposition to military operations and public disapproval of the president's handling of foreign crises is the number of fatalities incurred relative to the interests and scope of a mission. In other words, public tolerance correlates with the casualties incurred *and* the vital interests at stake.

As elite criticism has grown, drawing attention to American casualties, public support for the operation has started to waver—and approval of President Bush has started to nose-dive. Elites drive American opinion. And, as elite concerns get aired, the public's threshold of acceptable casualties in Iraq is likely to drop until eventually it is no longer willing to stomach any more death.

LOUIS KLAREVAS
Assistant Professor of Political Science
City University of New York
College of Staten Island
Staten Island, New York

ONE REASON WHY THE PUBLIC CAN stomach casualties in Iraq that was left out of Kaplan's article is: Not every mother's child faces the possibility of being put in harm's way. Since the Selective Service abandoned the military draft, affluent families can concentrate on sending their children to college rather than seeing them put in uniform and marched into danger. The military does not represent the U.S. population as a whole but is heavily peopled with young men and women who come from homes that can't afford the luxury of going to college without the financial help the military provides. If all 18-year-old males were equally subject to a draft, I am skeptical that such a high percentage of Americans would be so cavalier in their acceptance of casualties—and U.S. foreign policy might be more closely aligned with the will of the electorate.


A GREAT FIRST NOVEL
TIME FOR THE DEMS TO HIT BACK
REPUBLIC
WILLPOWER
Why the Public Can Stomach Casualties and Elites Can't

C.K. BLACKWELL
East Flat Rock, North Carolina

THE BEST WAY TO GAUGE THE VALIDity of Kaplan's argument is to study the voting records during the past century. In the aftermath of all the "Democrat wars" of that bloody era, the people flocked to the polls and gave massive majorities to the opposition Republican Party in 1920, 1946, 1950, 1952, and 1968.

THE NEW REPUBLIC (ISSN 0028-6583), Vol. 229, Number 17, Issue 4,632, October 27, 2003. (Printed in the United States on October 16, 2003.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated April 21 & 28, July 7 & 14, July 28 & August 4, August 18 & 25, September 8 & 15, October 13 & 20, December 1 & 8, and December 29, 2003 through January 12, 2004) at 1331 H Street, NW, Washington, D.C. 20005. Telephone (202) 508-4444. For advertising inquiries, please contact Mandy Hansen at (202) 508-4444 or our NY sales office at (212) 465-8447. Yearly subscriptions, $79.97, foreign, $119.97 (U.S. funds); Canada, $99.97 (U.S. funds). Back issues, $8.00 domestic and $10.00 foreign/Canada (includes postage & handling). © 2003 by The New Republic, LLC. Periodicals postage paid at Washington, D.C., and additional mailing offices. Rights and permissions: fax (202) 628-9383. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. For hard copy reprints, call (202) 508-4444. Microform, Canadian Periodical Index, and CD-ROM are available through ProQuest, 300 N Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106, Telephone (800) 521-0600. Postmaster: Send changes of address to The New Republic, P.O. Box 37298, Boone, IA 50037-0298. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope (e-mail address: letters@tnr.com). For subscription inquiries or problems call (800) 827-1289 or visit our website at www.thenewrepublic.com.

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Now we have a Republican war—initiated by ideologues in the Republican establishment, fought by (mostly) Republican voters in the volunteer army. Unlike in earlier wars, the elite leadership refuses to make any sacrifices but instead delights in distributing major war contracts and tax reductions among its own ranks. In contrast, the common people in the ranks are forced to serve as sitting ducks in the Middle East shooting gallery while their elite leaders lengthen their terms of service and threaten to cut their pay. In earlier empires, similar conditions often ended in marches on Rome.

WILLIAM M. BURKE
San Francisco, California

AND I QUOTE...

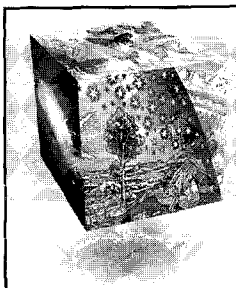
I ENJOYED AND ADMIRED RYAN LIZZA'S piece about John Edwards's reincarnation as a policy expert ("Makeover," August 11). For the record, some of the views and quotes attributed to Bill Clinton in that article came from an interview I conducted with him for an article published in *The Atlantic Monthly* earlier this year ("Post-President for Life," March 2003).

JAMES FALLOWS
Washington, D.C.

WORTH THE WAIT

JOSHUA KURLANTZICK CORRECTLY notes that the Communist Party has successfully co-opted the elite of China's prosperous eastern coast ("No-Look Pass," September 8 & 15). It is also true that the country's discontented masses in the interior lack the leadership to make them an effective political force. Therefore, Kurlantzick argues, the protests in Hong Kong won't have much effect on the mainland. Coffee-sippers in Shanghai's trendy Xintiandi may not pay much attention to demonstrations in the former British colony these days, but no one said the effect of Hong Kong on the rest of China would be immediate. My wife and I lived in Shanghai for three years before local friends would open up to us. Those who have gained the most are often the harshest in their criticisms, perhaps because they have the most to lose. It may take us a half-decade or more to know if the Hong Kong protests have provided inspiration to a new group of dissidents in the rest of China.

GORDON GUTHRIE CHANG
Bedminster, New Jersey



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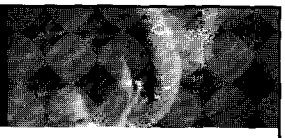
Defying Genocide



When genocide occurs, children are often targeted for death by perpetrators since they represent the victim group's future. In this special program, **National Public Radio correspondent Scott Simon** hosts a conversation with two heroes who risked their lives to save threatened children:

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Continental Divide

TRB
FROM WASHINGTON

I USED TO HOPE THE 2004 Democratic presidential nomination would come down to a clash over national security. But you don't get everything you hope for. In fact, as the campaign has progressed, the foreign policy distinctions between the leading candidates have actually diminished. John Kerry, Richard Gephardt, and John Edwards—who supported the Iraq war—now denounce it nearly as vehemently as Howard Dean, who did not. Dean, acting like the front-runner he is, spends less time attacking his rivals for trying to have it both ways. Wesley Clark, who was supposed to sharpen the campaign's national security debate, has instead embraced its mushy middle—first saying, à la Kerry, that he would have voted for the Iraq war resolution while opposing the war itself, now saying he opposed the resolution, too.

The campaign's real clash is over domestic policy. It closely resembles the fights that defined Democratic primaries in the 1980s and 1990s, and its main protagonists are Gephardt and Dean. The media often depict the Democratic primary as a battle between liberals and centrists. But those terms don't capture the real divide within the party: between yuppie reformers and working-class party regulars. The yuppies are culturally liberal and fiscally conservative. They deride President Bush's tax cuts as unaffordable but suspect we can't afford big new spending programs either. And, reflecting a middle-class, progressive tradition that dates back a century, they are skeptical of anything that smacks of machine politics. They like anti-politicians who tell hard truths. Alienated by quintessential party man Walter Mondale, they flocked to aloof outsider Gary Hart. Alienated by all-things-to-all-people Bill Clinton, they flocked to Paul Tsongas, who equated fiscal belt-tightening with moral virtue. Alienated by packaged, scripted Al Gore, they flocked to introspective, idealistic Bill Bradley. And, this year, they have made a religion of Howard Dean.

The party's working-class regulars, while hostile to the Christian Right, are more culturally traditional and a bit more hawkish (though less so in pacifist Iowa). But, more important, as the people who bear the brunt of cuts in entitlement spending, they don't view fiscal belt-tightening as morally bracing. The terra "reform" is as likely to fill them with anxiety as enthusiasm. And, while the yuppies want to shift power to disinterested individuals (i.e., themselves), the regulars see latter-day political machines (i.e., unions) as their protectors. It is no surprise that the candidates who appeal to these regulars—Mondale, Gore—thrive in blue-collar, union-heavy Iowa. The yuppie candidates—Hart, Tsongas, Bradley—do best in white-collar, individualistic New Hampshire.

The central political story of the first nine months of 2003 was Dean's eclipsing of Kerry as the yuppies' standard-bearer. The cerebral, aloof Kerry had seemed poised to inherit the upscale voters who had supported Hart, Tsongas, and Bradley. But Kerry's waffling on the war convinced many would-be backers that he represented politics as usual. Since Dean's rise, Kerry has begun attacking him for wanting to balance the budget by repealing the entire Bush tax cut and for opposing free trade. But denouncing Dean as too hawkish on the deficit is a bad way to win back white-collar Democrats, and bashing him as protectionist is a bad way to win over blue-collar union members. Kerry has lost one half of the Democratic base, and he is ill-equipped to win over the other.

Gephardt, on the other hand, has emerged as Dean's perfect foil. With his roots in ethnic, Catholic St. Louis, he has experience appealing to culturally traditional blue-collar voters. And no national politician since Mondale has such deep ties to the labor movement. Moreover, Gephardt's central attack on Dean—for supporting Medicare cuts in the mid-'90s—reinforces his appeal among exactly the voters he needs to win.

Dean, as the national media is discovering, is the most committed fiscal conservative to contend for a Democratic presidential nomination since Tsongas. In Vermont, which isn't constitutionally obliged to balance its budget, Dean nonetheless made balancing the budget his top priority, repeatedly spurning calls for greater social spending and winning praise from the libertarian Cato Institute. He has flirted with raising the Social Security retirement age and, as Gephardt charges, supported far deeper cuts in Medicare than most Democrats. On the stump, Dean delights in tough-love statements like: "Tell the truth: We cannot afford all of the tax cuts, the health insurance, special [education funding], and balancing the budget."

If Dean embodies the fiscal conservatism of yuppie Democrats, Gephardt embodies the regulars' passionate commitment to preserving entitlement programs. He voted against Clinton's 1997 deal, which cut Medicare to reduce the deficit, saying the budget need only be in "rough balance." His health care plan is much bigger than Dean's and tailored to win union support.

In appealing to unions and defending entitlements, Gephardt is pursuing roughly the same strategy that Mondale, Clinton, and Gore used to defeat outsider deficit-hawks. But that strategy is far harder now than it once was, because, over the years, the balance of power in the Democratic Party has been shifting: Dean supporters have been moving in, and Gephardt supporters have been moving out. Non-college-educated men have been drifting into the Republican Party. (In his final years as majority leader, Gephardt had to adjust the boundaries of his blue-collar St. Louis district because it was becoming too Republican.) Conversely, a 1998 *National Journal* study showed that the wealthiest 100 American communities, alienated by the GOP's fiscal irresponsibility and evangelical moralizing, were growing steadily more Democratic. This infusion of wealth into the Democratic Party means candidates with yuppie appeal can raise far more money than they could in the past. The last such candidate, Bradley, stunned political observers by raising almost as much money as Gore—a development that foreshadowed Dean's extraordinary fund-raising success this year.

Dean, who learned fiscal conservatism from his investment-banker, Republican father, embodies today's Democratic Party better than Gephardt, the son of a Teamster from working-class St. Louis. Perhaps nothing explains the fight for the 2004 Democratic presidential nomination better than that. **PETER BEINART**

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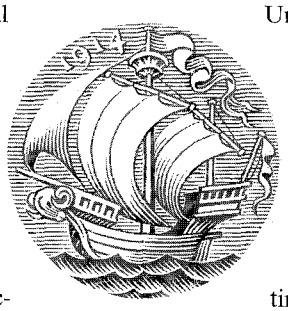
Soul Mates

MORE THAN TWO years after he stared into Vladimir Putin's soul, President Bush continues to heap plaudits on the Russian leader. Last month at Camp David, Bush praised Putin's "vision for Russia, a country at peace within its borders, with its neighbors, and with the world, a country in which democracy and freedom and rule of law thrive." Later, Bush proclaimed that the friendship between Russia and the United States is growing stronger. Indeed, *The New York Times* reported, the two leaders "portray[ed] themselves as close partners in a fight against terrorism and proliferation."

It's a pretty picture, but it's not true. If Putin has a "vision" of "a country in which democracy and freedom and rule of law thrive," he has a strange way of showing it. In his three and half years in power, Putin has presided over a steady decline in basic freedoms. As the *Times* has reported, Putin's press ministry closed the last independent national TV network in June. This summer, VsTIOM, the All-Russian Center for the Study of Public Opinion, Russia's most respected independent polling agency, was taken over by the state. In the run-up to presidential elections due in March 2004, parliament, controlled by Putin allies, has passed restrictive campaign-coverage laws that will likely stifle political debate. Not only has the Bush administration stayed silent on this rollback of Russian democracy, it has actually helped facilitate it—slashing money in the 2004 U.S. budget for the Freedom Support Act, which had funded Russian democratic reforms.

Perhaps condoning the bludgeoning of Russian democracy would be a necessary price for securing Moscow's help in the war on terrorism and nuclear proliferation, if Moscow really were helping. Instead, Putin's government is providing the material and technical expertise for Iran's nuclear reactor at Bushehr. Though Putin has asked Iran to return spent fuel from Bushehr in order to help prevent the Iranians from developing nukes, Russia will complete the Bushehr project and is even insisting that it be allowed to build more reactors for Iran.

Putin portrays his government's brutal policies in Chechnya as a crucial element in the fight against Al Qaeda. But the truth is closer to the reverse. As Russia scholars have noted, the majority of Chechens are moderate, Sufi Muslims, and their main grievance is not theological but political—they want autonomy or independence from Russia. Putin has responded to Chechen secessionism with a military campaign that has killed tens of thousands of civilians. In the run-up to Chechnya's provincial election last week, the Kremlin reportedly pressured opponents of Putin favorite Akhmad Kadyrov to drop out of the race; opposition campaign workers, *The New York Times* reported, were kidnapped and tortured.



Russia's scorched-earth tactics have actually bred the Islamic extremism they are supposedly stamping out. Islamic radicals have begun traveling to Chechnya to fight Russia. And Osama bin Laden and other Islamists have begun incorporating Russian atrocities in Chechnya into their diatribes against the West, using Chechnya to recruit *jihadis*. In a nod to Putin, the United States has essentially ceased criticism of Russia's behavior in Chechnya and echoed Putin's claim that his government's efforts there are the moral equivalent of America's in Afghanistan. And, in so doing, the United States is alienating itself from the very moderate Muslims whose support it desperately needs.

But Chechnya too is a sideshow, some Bush backers insist. Condoning Russia's brutality there is a small price for winning Russia's support in Iraq. Last winter, the administration seemed sure that the president's buddy in Moscow would eventually fall in line behind a resolution authorizing war in Iraq. Instead, Putin stood with France, and the United States was stymied. In recent weeks, Bush officials have repeated the same mantra—predicting that Russia would undercut Paris by signing onto a resolution that would win U.N. imprimatur for the occupation of Iraq while leaving the United States militarily and politically in control. Some even thought Russia would send troops. Now that looks equally naïve. While Russia appears willing to sign a U.N. resolution, it continues to ally with France and push for a short timetable on ending the U.S. occupation of Iraq, a move that could throw Iraq into chaos.

Given this president's hostile relationship with so many world leaders, it is tempting to view close ties to Putin as a relief. Except those ties are turning Putin into neither a democrat nor a moral or strategic partner in the war on terrorism. With allies like these, who needs adversaries? ■

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NOTEBOOK

JOHN EDWARDS STUMBLES . . . GEORGE WILL STANDS UP

SENATOR NO

WE ADMIRE A LOT OF WHAT JOHN Edwards has stood for in this campaign. On taxes, he has been eloquent in explaining how the Bush administration is shifting the burden from the wealthy to the working class. He was one of the first candidates to take the politically and substantively smart position of opposing President Bush's upper-income cuts while supporting the cuts for the middle class. His health care plan is modest, but it's also affordable and emphasizes controlling costs. He supported the war in Iraq in the face of an overwhelmingly, and angrily, dovish primary electorate.

But Edwards's decision this week to become the first pro-war presidential candidate to oppose the administration's $87 billion request for Afghanistan and Iraq is shameful. Before the Iraq war, when Afghanistan was falling apart and the administration refused to expand U.S. military presence beyond Kabul, smart Democrats like Edwards made the case for a larger—and more expensive—U.S. effort. Now, instead, there is the strange spectacle in Washington of isolationist Republicans like Ted Stevens making the case for why Americans need to help build schools in Iraq, while liberals reach for the anti-foreign aid arguments of the paleo-right.

Edwards insists he is not in this latter camp. He says he supports the troops, he supports the reconstruction of Iraq, and he defends his pro-war vote. He cites three substantive reasons to explain his opposition to the budget request. He says that Bush needs a credible plan for rebuilding Iraq, that he needs to engage our allies, and that he needs to ensure against war profiteering. But Edwards hasn't explained why exactly the administration's bill does not represent a "credible plan"—it does, after all, map out Iraq's reconstruction in minute detail. Hinging U.S. aid on a major influx of foreign money is a prescription for

John Edwards

consigning Iraq to chaos. And, while awarding no-bid reconstruction contracts to Halliburton and Bechtel has the odor of profiteering about it, voting against the entire package for this reason amounts to cutting off Iraq to spite Dick Cheney. The responsible thing for Edwards to do would be to put forward an amendment that highlights the Bush plan's deficiencies and make a stand, however hopeless, on the Senate floor.

Instead, Edwards seems to be letting primary politics be his guide. He has declared that he will be the one who "stand[s] up to [Bush] and say[s], 'No.'" As Michael Crowley reports on page 12, that stance might poll well—74 percent of Democrats and 57 percent of the American public oppose the package, according to the latest Gallup poll—but it does absolutely nothing to rebuild Iraq. And, if Edwards thinks opposing the bill is smart politics, he should remember how Bush turned understandable Democratic objections to one element of the Homeland Security Department into a devastating partisan cudgel in 2002.

The fact of the matter is that the current Bush proposal, flaws and all, is the only one the Democrats will get a chance to vote on. Though it may be, as Joe Lieberman has said, an "infuriating vote," the alternative is walking away from the most important international commitment the United States has undertaken in recent memory. Some things are more important than getting a leg up on Howard Dean.

THE TROUBLE WITH DEADLINES

"HANS BLIX HAD FIVE MONTHS TO find weapons. He found nothing. We've had five weeks. Come back to me in five months. If we haven't found any, we will have a credibility problem."
—Charles Krauthammer, speaking at an American Enterprise Institute event, April 22

"The fact that [Saddam Hussein] was not stockpiling [WMD] is relevant only to the question of why some prewar intelligence was wrong about Iraq's WMD program. But it is not relevant to the question of whether a war to preempt his development of WMD was justified. Hussein was simply making his WMD program more efficient and concealable."—Krauthammer, *The Washington Post*, five months and 18 days later (Thanks to talkingpointsmemo.com.)

WILL POWER

CONSERVATIVE COMMENTATORS HAVE *not exactly distinguished themselves* in recent months, as they have gone to unseemly lengths to deny the obvious: that, whatever one thinks of the Iraq war, many of the Bush administration's assumptions going into it have proved to be wrong. (See, for example, above.) So, while it may seem to damn him with faint praise, kudos to George F. Will for being an island of intellectual honesty in a sea of GOP spin. In his August 22 column,

DAVID COWLES

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Will flatly declared, "Paul Wolfowitz, deputy secretary of defense, was wrong in congressional testimony before the war. ... [H]e insisted that Gen. Eric Shinseki, a veteran of peacekeeping in the Balkans, was 'wildly off the mark' in estimating that several hundred thousand troops would be needed in occupied Iraq. Currently, 139,000 U.S. troops and about 22,000 from other nations do not seem sufficient." Will has been more candid still on the issue of WMD. In his June 22 column, he noted that "Americans seem sanguine about the failure—so far—to validate the war's premise about the threat posed by Hussein's WMD, but a long-term failure would unravel much of this president's policy and rhetoric." By October 2, that long-term failure seemed a reality. "[W]hy is it so difficult," Will asked in his column, "for the Bush administration to candidly acknowledge and discuss what Americans are not unnerved to learn—that much prewar intelligence about weapons of mass destruction was wrong?"

Nor has Will's skepticism been limited to Iraq. On the California recall, too, he broke with fellow conservatives who, giddy at Arnold Schwarzenegger's candidacy, managed somehow to forget the traditional conservative skepticism of direct democracy, populism run wild, and the worship of celebrity (not to mention Schwarzenegger's deviation—in deed as well as word—from conservative social mores). On October 9, Will derided the recall as a "a riot of millionaires masquerading as a 'revolt of the people'" and predicted that "so-called conservatives ... can inventory the damage they have done by seizing an office that just 11 months ago they proved incapable of winning in a proper election under ideal conditions." In a conservative media establishment that seems increasingly inclined simply to take dictation from Karl Rove, Will's iconoclasm (who would have thought those two words would go together?) is not only refreshing, it's necessary. ■

JUST LIKE ROGER ALTMAN TAUGHT HIM!
Candidate: Dick Gephardt
Category: Domestic Policy
Grade: D

At last week's debate in Phoenix, Dick Gephardt once again took credit for the economic successes of Bill Clinton's presidency. "I led the fight for the Clinton economic program in 1993. It created twenty-two million new jobs," Gephardt reminded the party faithful.

Annoying as it is when Gephardt acts as though Clinton's 1993 economic plan were more or less his idea, he clearly does deserve some credit for shepherding it through a sharply divided House of Representatives. But Gephardt wasn't content to stop there. After invoking the success of the '90s, he went on to suggest that his own economic plan amounts to a second helping of Clintonomics: "[I]t's clear, we get this. We know how to do this. ... My plan is a bold, comprehensive plan based on a lot of the things we did."

Problem is, the plan Gephardt laid out in the same sentence looks nothing like Clinton's: "[H]ealth care for everybody in this country; ... a universal pension plan where the credits follow you from job to job; tax credits to keep manufacturers in the United States; accelerating highway spending so we get something going in this country; and, finally, a trade policy that will hold on to good jobs and get better wages paid in other countries."

The animating theme of Clinton's 1993 plan was deficit reduction: It involved a series of spending cuts and upper-income tax increases designed to reduce the deficit by nearly $500 billion over five years. By comparison, Gephardt's health care plan alone would cost $2.5 trillion over ten years. Throw in a universal pension plan, tax credits for manufacturing, and accelerated highway spending (*accelerated highway spending*?) and, if you happen to care at all about deficits and interest rates, it practically makes you nauseous. But the real kicker is Gephardt's suggestion that "a trade policy that will hold on to good jobs and get better wages paid in other countries"—by which the representative surely means repealing NAFTA or at least dramatically overhauling it—is something out of Clinton's playbook. Alongside deficit reduction, free trade was at the very center of Clinton's economic agenda—as Gephardt surely knows from having bucked his president so many times on the issue. —Noam Scheiber

EGO TRIPPI
Candidate: Howard Dean
Category: General Likeability
Grade: F

On October 12, *The New York Times* published a story contending that John Kerry and Dick Gephardt are in cahoots to sink their rival, Howard Dean. While the paper pointed out the obvious—the two campaigns have a shared interest in whacking the good doctor—it provided almost no evidence to substantiate their cooperation. But, buried in the story, *Times* reporter David Halbfinger quotes Joe Trippi, Dean's campaign manager: "It's the Beltway boys hanging out together. This is the kind of inside Washington politics that people are sick of."

But, as Gephardt's manager, Steve Murphy, not a guy normally inclined toward backstabbing, points out a bit later in the story, "Two weeks ago [Trippi] ran into me and some of my staffers at Dulles airport and suggested that instead of attacking Howard Dean on Medicare, we should help him and Howard Dean attack Wesley Clark. This was a lengthy conversation." In other words, when Trippi laments his opponents' collaboration, he is being a rank hypocrite. —Franklin Foer

IRRESOLUTE
Candidate: Wesley Clark
Category: Intellectual Honesty
Grade: D

When he began his campaign, Wesley Clark was falsely accused of "flip-flopping" on the Iraq war. In fact, Clark said he favored the congressional resolution to give President Bush leverage with the United Nations, but he wouldn't have voted for the war itself. That view may have been naïve, but it was consistent.

At last week's debate, Clark offered a different view. He said, "The Congress made a mistake in giving George Bush an open-ended resolution that enabled him to go to war without coming back to the Congress." But, at the time, as Howard Dean pointed out, Clark advised Democratic congressional candidate Katrina Swett from New Hampshire to vote for the resolution. (This anecdote, by the way, belies Dean's dishonest assertion that Clark "was a Republican until twenty-five days ago.") So now Clark opposes the resolution, as well? What exactly is his position? —Jonathan Chait

For primary items updated daily and complete candidate rankings, visit *www.tnr.com/primary.*

CARICATURES BY ZACH TRENHOLM

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On the Hill

Blind Rage

BY MICHAEL CROWLEY

WHEN NANCY PELOSI was chosen as House Democratic leader nearly a year ago, she vowed to sharpen her party's butter-knife message into a gleaming, lethal stiletto. "I am prepared to lead with the clarity and firmness that the task requires," Pelosi declared last November. But, in the struggle over President Bush's $87 billion budget request for Iraq, she hasn't shown much of either quality.

Take the press conference Pelosi held with Capitol Hill reporters last week. The power-suited San Franciscan began by noting the White House's latest p.r. offensive to shore up public opinion on the war's aftermath. "I think offensive is probably a pretty good word for it," she said through clenched teeth. The administration's efforts to favorably spin the Kay report on Iraqi weapons of mass destruction (WMD), she huffed, were "lame." Overall, she said, Bush's actions in Iraq amounted to a "failed policy." What Pelosi thought the Democrats should do about this, however, was impossible to deduce. At one point, she seemed to argue for thoroughly rebuilding Iraq: "[W]e need to energize the country, turn on the lights, the water, ... so Iraq can get moving again." But, moments later, she made an apparent about-face. After noting with disdain an administration boast that electricity in Iraq has been restored to prewar levels, she continued, "Well, what else are we supposed to do? ... Wasn't that our responsibility? Now are we supposed to take them to another place, in terms of their power and all the rest, power generation in Iraq? Aren't we just supposed to honor our responsibilities there, not make a gold-plated country by giving no-bid contracts to their friends in the United States?"

Leaving aside its grammatical anarchy, this argument was something you might expect to hear from Dennis Kucinich: that America's only obligation is to fix the things we broke and then be on our merry way. Ultimately, Pelosi's vision for how the Democrats should deal with Iraq—and with the White House's $87 billion request—remained a mystery. (Hours before a scheduled House vote, Pelosi finally announced her opposition to the White House bill.)

That confusion is all too typical among Democrats. Fearful of being labeled anti-military, dozens of House and Senate Democrats who have spent the past few weeks trashing the $87 billion request will nonetheless vote for it this week—and then go right back to pounding the president for his Iraq policy. Amid their fulminating, however, Democrats offer few realistic alternatives. There are several reasons for this—disagreements over the war's morality, for instance, and over whether a successful reconstruction is really possible. But, more than any specific argument about the national interest, the biggest factor clouding the Democrats' thinking appears to be the rage they feel toward President Bush. Democrats believe the administration has continually abused and lied to them, particularly on national security issues in the wake of September 11, 2001. Now that Bush is again asking for their support, their primary message is: Screw you, Mr. President. That may make them feel better. But it isn't much of a foreign policy vision.

IT'S HARD TO underestimate how furious congressional Democrats are at the Bush administration. Their rhetoric boils with ad hominem vitriol toward the president and his team. And, because their anger is so personalized, so is their view of Bush's Iraq policy: It's not the national interest on the line; it's Bush's rear end. The problem is his, and Democrats aren't interested in helping him solve it. "I, for one, will not be an enabler to an administration that clearly cannot be trusted with our treasury, our lives, and those of the Iraqi people," Jan Schakowsky, a liberal Chicago-area representative, declared to *The Hill* newspaper this week. Democratic aides say this is a typical sentiment. "People feel the need to take a stand," says one. "Some call this the Bail-Out-Bush Fund. They think he got into this mess and wants us to bail him out." While not the official party line, this attitude sometimes slips into the Democrats' public rhetoric: At her press conference last week, Pelosi spoke of a "bail-out [for the Bush team's] failed policy in Iraq." "It is time for the Bush administration to be held accountable," she added in a statement this week. Adam Smith, a centrist Democrat from Tacoma, Washington, says he sometimes finds it hard to reason with his colleagues. "In trying to pin them down, I say, 'At the end the day, we have to have a policy to cope with what to do now,'" he explains. "And they say, 'Well, we're just pissed off.' They don't really even attempt to argue the policy of it."

Other Democrats sound determined to punish the administration for what they see as past deceptions—the missing WMD, for instance, or the notion that Iraqi oil revenue would finance reconstruction. "Many of us unfortunately are wondering again whether we can believe the pronouncements of our own government," David Obey, the ranking Democrat on the House Appropriations Committee, fumed before voting against Bush's budget request in a hearing last week. "I've been there before under Lyndon Johnson ... in Vietnam and under Richard Nixon in Watergate. I don't like being here again." Even Jane Harman, the hawkish co-chairman of the House Intelligence Committee, urged colleagues to vote against Bush's budget request. After supporting the Iraq war resolution last year, largely on the basis of intelligence about Iraqi WMD, Harman "is pissed," says a Democratic aide. "She feels like she got screwed." The attitude was neatly summed up by Georgia Democrat John Lewis, who told *The Hill*, "Fool me once, Mr. President,

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shame on you. Fool me twice, Mr. President, shame on me."

Many Democrats are also probably caught in that all-powerful tractor-beam: the advice of their pollsters. In a press briefing earlier this month, one of the party's favorite numerologists, Celinda Lake, singled out the Iraq budget request as a critical opportunity on the road to the 2004 election and urged Democrats to make the most of it. "We may look back and say this was a turning point," Lake said, encouraging Democrats to draw "clear distinctions" with the president on the bill. The latest offering from Democracy Corps, the party message factory run by James Carville, Stan Greenberg, and Bob Shrum, bore a similar message: "The $87 billion dollar [sic] request has become a powerful symbol of the president's failing policies," the trio explained in a late-September memo. "It took people by surprise, and they know that number. It represents the failed foreign policy, the open-ended war in Iraq, deficits, and a president who will not take care of America." And Democratic über-pollster Mark Mellman recently explained to *National Journal* that "[a]ll the polls agree that the public strongly opposes this request because they believe it's robbing domestic priorities to fund a non-plan." (Later the same day, Mellman briefed a Senate Democratic luncheon, presumably with the same message.) The pollsters' advice is bolstered by the hectoring of constituents. Pennsylvania Democrat Jack Murtha says he has "never gotten as much mail on any issue" as he has in opposition to the $87 billion appropriation.

APART FROM SHEER obstructionism, such alternatives as the Democrats offer tend to be vague or unrealistic. Most speak of increasing international military and financial support—a direction in which the administration is already moving but that has severe limits. (It's simply not plausible to argue that Iraq can be rebuilt without tens of billions of U.S. dollars.) Many Democrats also want to deliver aid in the form of loans. But loans would only add to the crushing weight of Iraq's current $200 billion debt, much of which the administration is already lobbying creditor nations to forgive. What's more, there is no real Iraqi government that can consent to, or be bound by, a loan agreement anyway.

Senator Joe Biden, a multilateralist who was lukewarm on invading Iraq, has been among the most intellectually honest of the congressional Democrats, recognizing that "the bottom line is that we cannot afford to lose the peace in Iraq," as he argued last week. But, while his plan—which would scale back the Bush tax cuts to pay for Iraq's reconstruction—makes good moral and fiscal sense, it's a political nonstarter thanks to the GOP's nonnegotiable stance on tax cuts. An alternative idea that makes for better politics—but dubious policy—is the "American Parity Act" proposed by Rahm Emanuel, the Clinton White House strategist turned Chicago representative. The plan would require that every dollar spent for Iraq reconstruction be accompanied by a dollar spent on domestic infrastructure projects. Befitting Emanuel's former occupation, his proposal is designed less as a governing ideal than as the setup for attack ads against House Republicans. "The members' worst fear is that they're going to get whacked back home—'Why are you spending money on a hospital in Iraq and not here?'" says an administration foreign policy official. "We have to decide whether it's in America's interest to do this and what will follow if we abandon that cause. That's the question." Unfortunately, many Democrats don't seem interested in the answer. ■

Kandahar Dispatch

Return of Jihadi

BY MASSOUD ANSARI

ABDUL SAMAD IS devoted to the Taliban. He walks for miles through the rugged terrain of southern Afghanistan, crossing mountains for days at a stretch in search of targets to ambush. The Taliban, he says, are "in a fight ordained by God. The more one contributes, the bigger his reward on the day of judgment." And, when he finds targets—government officials, aid workers, members of the international coalition forces in Afghanistan, Afghan policemen—Samad contributes his share.

But Samad isn't a veteran of the deposed Taliban government simmering over his loss of power. He's a 19-year-old Pakistani who was twelve when the Taliban took power in 1996. Several weeks ago, Samad received a letter from the Taliban's one-eyed spiritual guru and supreme leader, Mullah Omar, who asked him to join the fight. Samad, a recent attendee of a conservative *madrassa* in Pakistan, where Omar's letter was received, quickly sold his mother's jewelry to buy himself the assault rifle he needed and joined up. "I told my parents that, if I died fighting, they too would be rewarded by God," he says.

And Samad is one of thousands. Though the Western media has reported that the Taliban are reemerging in southern Afghanistan, staging attacks on the U.S.-led coalition, the coverage obscures a more frightening development. Many of today's Taliban fighters aren't scattered remnants of the old regime. They're die-hard young Pakistanis, trained across the border in religious schools and commanded, in a centralized organization, by the reclusive Mullah Omar. And they have a clear, plausible strategy for gaining control of Afghanistan: wear down their opponents with guerrilla attacks until they flee—just like in 1996, the first time the Taliban came to power.

There have been sporadic attacks against coalition

Massoud Ansari is a senior reporter for NEWSLINE, *a leading Pakistani news magazine.*

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forces since the war ended in Afghanistan two years ago, but, in recent months, the scope and number of attacks have increased sharply. The Western press has reported these incidents with alarm, but many media outlets attribute the violence to remnants of the former government. The "Taliban have spent much of the period since the liberation regrouping," reported *The Daily Telegraph* earlier this month. The United States faces "regrouped elements of the Taliban militia," concurred *The Washington Post*.

In fact, the Taliban isn't just regrouping—it's recruiting a whole new generation. Several months ago, Omar, who is reportedly hiding in Afghanistan, contacted trusted aides. He asked them to start recruiting Pakistani *madrassa* students in the southern province of Baluchistan in order to begin a more intensive guerrilla war. "Mullah Dadullah [one of Omar's aides] was sent to Pakistan because he is ... widely respected ... by many Pashtun youths," says a Taliban insider. In the last few months, the insider says, Dadullah has visited dozens of religious schools in Pakistan, asking boys to join his jihad against the U.S.-led coalition in Afghanistan. Those who volunteer are provided information about how to proceed to Afghanistan and whom to contact in the resistance once they arrive.

Omar and his lieutenants have also taken steps to insulate their activities from Pakistani police loyal to President Pervez Musharraf's mission of erasing religious radicalism. According to sources, Omar's lieutenants meet students but rarely interact with the principals of the *madrassas* or other local religious leaders. "Mullah Omar believes that most of these leaders are cowards or have been bought by U.S. dollars and so cannot be trusted," says one of Omar's associates.

Their strategy has been successful. Raised in an environment of extremist Islam, many young men in Pakistani *madrassas* consider the U.S. presence in Afghanistan an outrage. "There was peace during Taliban rule. ... But, with the arrival of the infidel forces, not only has law and order rapidly deteriorated, but women are no longer safe even within the confines of their homes," Samad says. "Resistance is incumbent on all Muslims." What's more, the Taliban have focused their efforts on Pashtun recruits in Pakistan. Many Pashtuns are resentful of the current situation in Afghanistan; though President Hamid Karzai is a Pashtun, they feel their community is underrepresented everywhere else in his Northern Alliance–dominated government.

Worse, there has been a general breakdown of law in Afghanistan; local traders have to pay extortion money to warlords and highway bandits, and those who refuse often are killed. As a result, sympathy for the Taliban's harsh brand of order—and for the new Talibs crossing into Afghanistan—is rising. Because the international peacekeeping forces in Afghanistan are small and concentrated in the north, the Taliban can easily move around the south, playing on this sympathy and gaining local support for fighters coming in from Pakistan. "Given the geography of Afghanistan and the growing dimensions of the insurgency, fifteen thousand troops [in the international coalition force] are negligible," says an Afghan government official. And, with no security, there has been little development work in the country's southern regions, the kind of aid projects that could win hearts and minds. Even potable water remains hard to find in the south, and many villagers have to walk miles to fetch drinking water. "We supported the international coalition because we thought they would change our lives, but so far nothing has changed," says a villager who lives near Kandahar.

For Omar, these hardships present opportunities. Indeed, according to intelligence estimates, at least 5,000 Pakistani youths from Pashtun tribal areas have filtered into Afghanistan in recent months. They have quickly armed themselves. "Afghanistan has traditionally been a source of supply of weapons for Pakistan. Now, ironically, for the first time in Pakistan's history, many of those weapons sent across the border to be marketed in Pakistan in the last few years are being ferried back to Afghanistan," says Haji Abdul Samad, a tribal leader in Pakistan.

Fighting has intensified quickly. In the last few weeks, 400 people have been killed in southern Afghanistan in attacks by Taliban guerrillas, who aim to wear down the coalition forces. The fighters' modus operandi is simple: They emerge from their hideouts after sunset and either wait along highways for the jeep patrols of Afghan soldiers or ambush their outposts once the soldiers are asleep. "What we are trying to do is to inflict maximum damage on U.S. troops and their allies so that they get fed up and leave our country like the Russians, who only quit because of the long and unyielding resistance by the Afghans," says one Taliban fighter. "Once the Americans leave, we will easily be able to take over." In the most devastating recent attack, some 400 Taliban militiamen gained control of an entire district of Zabul Province for a few hours in August, where they hoisted the spartan white Taliban flag, killed at least 29 Afghan soldiers, and announced that anybody found cooperating with U.S. forces or their "puppet government" would face grave consequences. The Afghan army ultimately regained control of Zabul.

As they have demonstrated their growing power, the Taliban have won recruits inside Afghanistan as well. "Hundreds of elder tribesmen have volunteered their youths to us," says Mohammed Amin, leader of a group of Taliban in Kandahar Province. "They include small children, some even under twelve. ... Many of them work as our lookouts and supply us important information." In fact, the Taliban may even have infiltrated Karzai's Afghan army, Amin says. "For us, they are like our 'moving bugging devices,'" he says. "We are always well-prepared before we attack because our informants in the Afghan army have given us all the necessary data." Amin notes an incident that occurred three months ago near the town of Spin Boldak in which a Taliban fighter, who had infiltrated the Afghan army, gunned down six Afghan soldiers.

Omar has taken direct control of this force. In addition to directing the recruiting in Pakistan, he is in touch with leaders in the field in Afghanistan, many of whom are

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Where We Stand

THE AFT ON CRITICAL ISSUES

A READING SUCCESS STORY

An AFT pilot project that focuses on teaching teachers has produced impressive gains in student reading scores at high-poverty schools.

Few skills are as crucial for success in school—and in life—as the ability to read. Unfortunately, too many children living in poverty fall behind their more affluent peers in reading proficiency and test scores. Much needs to be done, but one piece of good news is that a number of new teaching methods now being tried in high-poverty urban school districts have shown real promise for boosting students' reading ability.

Among these new methods is one developed by reading experts at the American Federation of Teachers and tested for the past several years at nine low-achieving urban schools in three cities. The AFT project has produced impressive gains in reading scores.

Funded in part by the US Department of Education and participating school districts, the project is based on years of proven research and combines instruction in the essential components of reading, such as phonics, with positive exposure to high-quality children's literature. But what distinguishes it most is its strong focus on preparing teachers to make the methodology *work*.

Kindergarten, first-grade, and second-grade teachers received intensive training in teaching strategies and techniques, as well as in course content, and a skilled coach at each participating school regularly worked with the teachers to help them put their training into practice.

Not all the data are in, but independent evaluators from Johns Hopkins University found substantial improvements in the reading levels of the children involved. For instance, at Cleveland's George Washington Carver Elementary School, located in one of that city's poorest neighborhoods, 73 percent of the fourth graders passed the state reading test—a big jump from previous years and more than double the school district average.

Because of results like that, prekindergarten through second-grade teachers in all of Cleveland's public schools have now taken the AFT training.

This is just one example of new approaches to reading instruction that have shown they can make a difference for urban school districts. There are others. The important thing is for school officials to make a firm commitment to one of these proven programs and then invest the time, effort, and dollars needed to ensure that teachers can use it effectively.

Reading is the principal pathway for learning. Let's make sure we do what *works*, so every child in America is able to read well.

Sandra Feldman

Sandra Feldman, President, American Federation of Teachers

To learn more about the kinds of education programs and resources that work, please visit our Web site at www.aft.org

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equipped with modern satellite phones. Amin shows me a handwritten letter bearing Omar's signature, exhorting him and his fellow commanders to fight the "slavery of the infidel U.S." What's more, sources say, Omar has increased his control over and contact with his ten-member *shura* council of leaders, who direct fighting in the field.

FACED WITH THIS increasingly organized resistance, Karzai's government, which exercises limited control outside Kabul, is scrambling. In recent months, Karzai has replaced the governors of Kandahar, Zabul, and Wardak Provinces, looking for stronger officials more willing to combat Taliban militancy. Karzai also has stepped up his rhetorical pressure on Pakistan, calling for Musharraf's government to crack down harder on *madrassas*.

But, despite Karzai's actions, the Taliban is hardly fading away. In fact, unrest is growing in at least a dozen of Afghanistan's 32 provinces. And the fighting distracts the government from crucial tasks. Before the presidential election—Afghanistan's first—due in June 2004, Karzai must finish drafting a constitution, conduct a census, register millions of voters, and reform the education system. A daunting task for any government. Perhaps an impossible one for a regime facing the new Taliban. ■

Bush v. the Missouri River.

Washed Away

BY MICHAEL GRUNWALD

"SOUND SCIENCE" IS the Bush administration's environmental mantra, its hardheaded response to fuzzy-minded ecoradicalism. "When we make decisions, we want to make sure we do so on sound science—not what sounds good, but what is real," President Bush declared last year. Interior Secretary Gale Norton—a former adviser to the corporate-sponsored Advancement of Sound Science Coalition—actually appointed a "high-level team" this spring to make sure her department's decisions are "based on the best available science."

That team might want to sneak a peek at the Missouri River, where the Bush administration is about to decide one of the most explosive environmental issues facing the middle of the country. The team would find that the administration is angling to do the exact opposite of what the best available science says it must in order to save the river's endangered species—and that Assistant Interior Secretary Craig Manson has scrapped a plan to have independent scientists review the administration's decision in advance. Then again, the "sound science" team probably knows that—because Manson is its leader.

In recent years, the science of the Big Muddy has become increasingly clear: The Fish and Wildlife Service, which is part of the Interior Department, has concluded that more natural ebbs and flows are needed on the dammed, ditched, and diked Missouri to prevent the extinction of two endangered shorebirds as well as a Jurassic-era fish, and the independent National Academy of Sciences has found that the Service is right. The legalities of the Missouri are also clear: A federal judge demanded more natural flow patterns this summer, citing the Endangered Species Act, and held the Bush administration in contempt when it tried to wriggle out of compliance in order to protect the river's barge industry. Even the economics of the Missouri are clear: The Army Corps of Engineers, longtime manager of the river and perennial shill for the barge industry, admits that the upstream recreation interests that would benefit from more natural hydropatterns already generate at least twelve times more economic activity than the downstream navigation interests that would suffer.

It's just the politics of the Missouri that are murky. Bush and Vice President Dick Cheney both promised during the 2000 campaign to protect the status quo on the Missouri, and their administration has consistently resisted the scientific, legal, and economic arguments for more natural flows. The Army Corps is now under orders to produce a new plan for the river that will not change flows, and the Fish and Wildlife Service is under pressure to approve it. In an interview, Manson pledged that science will ultimately guide the Service's decision, but he also warned that the Service's biologists should not feel bound by their "preconceived notions" and should stop talking publicly about their science. Complains one federal biologist, "The pressure on this issue is just unreal."

THE NATURAL MISSOURI River was described by an early observer as "a tawny, restless, brawling flood," constantly mutinying its banks, rambling and meandering across its valleys, building thousands of sandbars, islands, and oxbows along its 2,400-mile journey west. "No other river was ever so dead-set against being navigated," another Missouri-watcher wrote. Still, the unruly braided river carried Lewis and Clark west along their journey of discovery 200 years ago next year; William Clark, who was much better at adventuring than spelling, was enraptured by the oak, ash, and cottonwood forests of the Missouri Valley, "one of the most butifill Plains I ever Saw, open & butifully diversified."

But Congress didn't want a free-flowing Missouri River; it wanted an orderly liquid highway. So, in 1882, it ordered

Michael Grunwald is writing a book about the Florida Everglades.

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the Army Corps to start throttling the lower Missouri with wing-dikes; it then approved a series of massive dams on the upper Missouri in 1943—shortly after a Corps official, infuriated about flooding in Omaha, famously shouted, "I want control of the Missouri River!" Over the years, the Corps has squeezed the water that used to spread all across the Missouri's floodplain into a deep and narrow channel, reducing the river's width by two-thirds. To ease barge travel, it has sliced off hairpin turns that once confounded steamboats, reducing the river's length by 127 miles. And it has managed the river to maintain a reliable nine-foot-deep barge channel at all times, eliminating the ebbs and flows and shoals and shifts that used to make navigation so treacherous and uncertain. Muddy banks that used to erode and shift by the hour were armored with unyielding rock revetments. Shallow backwaters and chutes filled with silt. Wetlands were gradually converted into farmland.

The manhandling of the Missouri produced reservoirs, hydropower, and flood control for millions of Midwesterners. But, as a navigation canal, the river has been a bust. In the 1930s, the Corps justified taming the Missouri by predicting twelve million annual tons of freight; today, the Corps still manages the Missouri primarily for navigation, but the river's barges float less than 1.5 million tons per year between St. Louis and Sioux City. A Corps booklet celebrating "100 Years of the Missouri River Navigation Project" admitted that, "from a point of view of commercial traffic, the engineering accomplishment has been wasted effort."

From a point of view of the Missouri's ecology, the engineering accomplishment has been an utter disaster. It has eliminated nine-tenths of the river's sandbars and islands, four-fifths of its aquatic food, and two-thirds of its catfish. In 1990, the Fish and Wildlife Service first warned that manipulation of the river was jeopardizing the survival of three endangered species: the least tern, the piping plover, and the pallid sturgeon—an ugly behemoth that had done just fine for 150 million years before the Corps started messing with the Missouri. The Service pointed out that, during the spring, when the river would naturally swell, triggering mysterious reproductive impulses for sturgeon and other fish, the Corps was holding back water behind the upstream dams. In the summer, when the river would naturally dwindle, exposing the sandbars and islands where shorebirds build nests, the Corps was releasing the extra water to float barges—even though, according to the Corps, barges produce less than 1 percent of the river's annual economic benefits.

The Service was still a long way from completing its official "biological opinion" analyzing the threat to the three river creatures, as demanded by the Endangered Species Act, but the mere possibility of a "jeopardy finding" that would require the Corps to restore the river's natural rhythms stirred powerful interests in the lower basin. The barge industry—controlled by conglomerates like ConAgra, Cargill, and Archer Daniels Midland—protested that low flows would disrupt summer navigation on the lower Missouri. (That's true, but the river's barges carry so little cargo that it would almost be cheaper for farmers to ship their grain by FedEx.) The industry also claimed that low Missouri flows would harm navigation on the far busier Mississippi. (Not true, even according to the barge-friendly Corps.) Meanwhile, the farm lobby took advantage of the Midwest floods of 1993 to claim that a spring rise would drown fields in the lower basin. (The Corps disproved that one, too.) The farmers also warned that railroads would jack up freight rates if they didn't have to compete with summertime barges. (True in theory, but how much competition do railroads really face from the seven towboats that work the Missouri?) The fiery Senator Christopher "Kit" Bond, a Missouri Republican, began crusading for the status quo on Capitol Hill. The laconic Senate Minority Leader Thomas Daschle, a South Dakota Democrat, fought back on behalf of upper-basin states that support flow changes to keep their lakes full for fishing, boating, and tourism interests. Their battles were fun to watch, with both men occasionally threatening to shut down the entire Senate if they didn't get their way, but they basically fought to a stalemate throughout the '90s.

It's worth noting—especially now that David Hayes, former President Bill Clinton's deputy Interior secretary, is representing an environmental group suing the Bush administration for dragging its feet for three years on the Missouri—that the Clinton administration dragged its feet for almost eight years. It was only after enviros threatened to sue in 2000 to force compliance with the Endangered Species Act that the Fish and Wildlife Service delivered its biological opinion, and it was only after Election Day that Corps generals agreed to obey it. But, when Bond managed in that year to slip language into a $23.6 billion energy and water appropriations bill that would have barred the Corps from spending any federal money on flow changes, Clinton (under pressure from Daschle) vetoed the entire bill. And, by the end of the Clinton years, sound science did have its day: The Service delivered an exhaustive jeopardy finding directing the Corps to implement flow changes by 2003, and the Corps finally promised to devise a plan that would restore a seasonal rise and fall to the river.

But that promise no longer seems to matter. The promises that matter now were made in the heat of the 2000 campaign, when Bush and Cheney both visited the swing state of Missouri and pledged to oppose flow changes. Their commitment to the status quo was hailed by Bond, the Missouri Farm Bureau, the barge industry, and even then–House Minority Leader Richard Gephardt, a Missouri Democrat. And their administration has maneuvered to keep the Missouri as is, even though the National Academy of Sciences, America's paragon of sound science, endorsed the Service's demand for flow changes last year, calling for "immediate and decisive" action to implement "flow pulses that emulate the river's natural hydrograph."

The Bush administration, however, took immediate and decisive action to oppose those pulses. It could have easily ordered the Corps to release water for a "spring rise," then

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hold back water for lower summertime flows. Instead, the administration's Service agreed to a yearlong delay while the Corps devised a new long-term plan for the Missouri. Enviros went to court this summer and won an injunction requiring the Corps to start lowering the river immediately, but the administration simply defied the order. Even after the judge issued a contempt finding, the Corps still refused to reduce flows until there were only three days left in the summer navigation season. And, now that the summer battle is over, the Corps is about to float its new long-term plan to revive the river, which is equally defiant of the best available science and the Endangered Species Act.

ARMY CORPS OFFICIALS in the Omaha district say they have strict orders from General William Grisoli, the commander of the agency's northwest division: Devise a plan that avoids a jeopardy finding for the three species but doesn't include a spring rise or low summer flows. Those are difficult orders to follow, since the Fish and Wildlife Service has already ruled that a spring rise and low summer flows are needed to escape jeopardy, and the Service, which must approve any Corps plan in a new biological opinion, is the final arbiter of the Endangered Species Act. It is as if Grisoli has ordered his underlings to avoid speeding tickets—but has simultaneously ordered them to drive no slower than 90 miles per hour.

So the Corps is choosing to drive like hell and hope the cops look the other way. Corps officials say their new plan, supposedly based on mysterious "new information," will not manipulate the Missouri's flows in any way. Instead, the Corps hopes to "reshape the river" by recreating the fish and bird habitats it has destroyed with its barge-oriented water management. The Corps intends to spend at least $42 million of the public's money per year to rebuild sandbars and remove vegetation on the Missouri—tasks the river used to manage on its own before the Corps came along—in order to preserve four to six weeks of summer navigation for an industry that only generates $7 million in private economic benefits during the entire year. Recreation produces about $90 million in annual benefits, and the Corps has acknowledged in the past that flow changes designed to protect endangered species would also boost hydropower, increasing the river's overall economic benefits. Still, Corps officials say they have high hopes that the Service will allow them to pursue their new plan without a new jeopardy finding. "We're just following the general's instructions," says Larry Cieslik, the Corps' chief of water management along the Missouri Basin in Omaha. "We'll see what the Service says."

It's already clear the Service's biologists think the plan will leave the three species in jeopardy. The question is whether they'll be allowed to say so in their biological opinion of the Corps plan. At a meeting of Missouri Basin governors last month in South Dakota, John Blankenship, a regional Fish and Wildlife Service official, spoke way out of school, saying the only "new information" the Service has seen indicates that the three endangered species are even worse off than they were in 2000. The pallid sturgeon, he said, is likely to become functionally extinct by 2008 without a significant spring rise that would somehow cue its pallid passions. The case for flow changes, Blankenship said, is now stronger than ever.

But that burst of uncensored science did not jibe with the Bush administration's political message. George Dunlop, the top administration official at the South Dakota conference, denounced flow changes as "destructive," and Grisoli made it clear that his order to resist them had originated with Bush political appointees. Meanwhile, although the Service had proposed to send its biological opinion, or "B.O.," of the new Corps plan out for peer review before it is finalized, Manson, the assistant Interior secretary, recently sent an internal e-mail, a copy of which was obtained by THE NEW REPUBLIC, announcing that any "peer review, if requested, will be done after the B.O. is completed." Manson's e-mail also warned Service employees not to speak out about the Missouri or even to meet with other agencies about their science, announcing that Interior political appointees would take over those tasks: "While the B.O. is being prepared, it is not appropriate for those engaged in that effort to comment publicly or to agencies other than the Corps about the issues." "We've been gagged," one Service official says.

Manson, a former Superior Court judge in California, pledges that sound science will ultimately guide the administration's decision. He says it's simply inappropriate for biologists to blab publicly before their work is complete, just as it would be inappropriate for a judge to comment on a defendant's guilt before a trial was over. "I've instructed the Fish and Wildlife Service to let the science take them where it will," Manson told me. "I haven't instructed them to take any particular path." But, given the Service's earlier position that flow changes are needed to avoid jeopardy, Manson dropped some pretty strong hints about where he thinks that path ought to lead: "The president has said the species can co-exist with agriculture and navigation on the Missouri. I happen to believe that's probably true."

Manson kept saying that the Service needs to "ferret out the facts" and "think creatively," but it's not clear what new facts there are to ferret out or why there's any need to get creative with science that has been endorsed by the National Academy. He cautioned that Interior's final decision should not be prejudged, but it's hard not to prejudge at least a bit after the Bush administration spent the summer defying a court order for flow changes and then ordered up a plan specifically designed to exclude them—especially since, this August, at a $1,000-per-plate fund-raising dinner that raked in more than $1 million for Bond's reelection campaign, the president declared that he still agreed with Bond about the Missouri River and emphatically disagreed with the judge. "I'm going to tell the president 'thank you' several times today," Bond said.

Missouri, after all, is still a swing state. And the president did make a promise. ■

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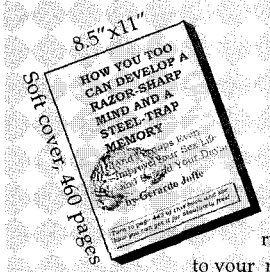

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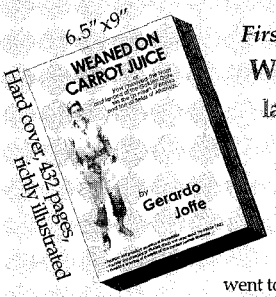

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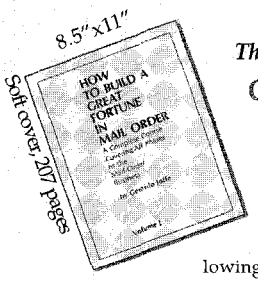

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Israel, Palestine, and the return of the bi-national fantasy.

What is Not to be Done

BY LEON WIESELTIER

"THE TIME HAS come to think the unthinkable." It is almost an iron law of intellectual life that any idea that is advertised as unthinkable has been thought many times before. The promotion of an idea to unthinkability says nothing about the merit of the idea; many "unthinkable" ideas are not worthy of serious thought. It is not the veracity of the thought that the appeal to unthinkability seeks to establish, it is the courage of the thinker. Only truly free minds think the unthinkable. The rest are shackled by dogmas and sentiments and clichés and interests. The thinker of the unthinkable may even envy the others their intellectual tranquility, but now "the time has come," he has no choice any longer but to wound the others with the truth, to utter something bold and new, to "speak out" or "tell truth to power" or otherwise indicate that the unpopularity of his opinion is evidence for its correctness. Is it dissent? Then it must be right.

If ever an idea was not unthinkable, it is the idea of a bi-national state of Israelis and Palestinians. The fantasy is as old as the conflict itself. It has been thought and thought and thought—by Jews in the late 1920s and early 1930s and by Palestinians and Israeli Arabs during the last decade. Azmi Bishara, an Arab member of the Knesset, propounded the notion in the early 1990s. Edward Said championed it in his final years, as a way of maintaining his moral elevation without having to assent to the finality of the other. Noam Chomsky has been virulently advocating an anarcho-socialist version of it for decades. Palestinian intellectuals and journalists in the occupied territories and abroad have been discussing the blandishments of bi-nationalism with increasing fervor in the years of this intifada. Even Thomas L. Friedman, a creature of the thinkable if ever there was one, recently speculated on CNN that "maybe there's actually a whole different framework here. Maybe we're actually beyond the two-state solution anymore and we're now in a one-state solution. OK, that either there is going to be a bi-national state in some way or there's going to be, you know, some kind of ethnic cleansing." So we are not exactly in the kingdom of advanced thought. But here is Tony Judt, in *The New York Review of Books*, proclaiming that "the time has come to think the unthinkable," which is that "the two-state solution—the core of the Oslo process and the present 'road map'—is probably already doomed. With every passing year we are postponing an inevitable, harder choice that only the far right and far left have so far acknowledged, each for its own reasons. The true alternative facing the Middle East in coming years will be between an ethnically cleansed Greater Israel and a single, integrated, binational state of Jews and Arabs, Israelis and Palestinians."

Judt calls his article "ISRAEL: THE ALTERNATIVE." But let us read strenuously. A bi-national state is not the alternative *for* Israel. It is the alternative *to* Israel. Judt and his editors have crossed the line from the criticism of Israel's policy to the criticism of Israel's existence. The right in Israel and America are therefore greatly in their debt: They have given credence to the suspicion that the criticism of Israel's policy is always nothing other than the criticism of Israel's existence. They have taken the heroic step of calling for the dissolution of the Jewish state.

WHAT WOULD JUDT'S bi-national state look like? He is not very forthcoming about its particulars. His imagination does not keep pace with his indignation. Such an entity, he says, would demand the presence of "an international force" and "the emergence, among Jews and Arabs alike, of a new political class." That is all. He does not acknowledge the most inexorable feature of his Levantine erewhon: that in a matter of a few years the demographic realities between the river and the sea would determine its social composition and its political character. It would be a Palestinian state with a Jewish minority: Greater Palestine. The Jewish minority in Greater Palestine would be small, I suppose; many Jews will have prudently emigrated to escape such an outcome. Unlike some other proponents of the bi-national state, Judt oddly does not elaborate any requirements that it be democratic and constitutional. Perhaps he is being realistic; but then he is being even more irresponsible. For what reasons do the Israelis have to depend for security and decency upon the democratic talents of the Palestinians?

Democracy is universal in theory, but it is not universal in practice. It must be seen to be believed. And the political culture of the Palestinians is now a contest between religious maximalism and terrorism and secular maximalism and terrorism. "Palestinian reform" is so far one of the cruelest disappointments of this disappointing time; but Judt would have the Jews of Israel cast their lot with it. The nightmare of ethnic cleansing in Greater Israel disturbs his sleep, but the nightmare of ethnic cleansing in Greater Palestine does not. Greater Israel means war, but Greater Palestine means peace. Will the *jihadists* of Hamas really stay their hands when Afula finally is theirs? And who will protect the Jews in Greater Palestine from their wrath? An "international force"? The suggestion is outrageous. The

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record of international forces in conditions of ethnic cleansing is a sentence of death for any people who would look to them for salvation.

WHO BY FIRE, who by water, who by professors. Judt has four reasons for his haughty and ugly proposal. The first is that Israel is an "anachronism." It "arrived too late," because by the time it was established "the world ha[d] moved on" from the nation-state—that "characteristically nineteenth-century separatist project"—toward "a world of individual rights, open frontiers, and international law," of "pluralist states which have long since become multiethnic and multicultural." Nothing original here, except perhaps the claim that the abolition of the nation-state should begin with the abolition of the Jewish nation-state. Another election of the Jews, I guess. But from the standpoint of the better world, why is Greater Palestine preferable to Greater Israel? More precisely, why is Greater Palestine preferable to Israel? (Greater Israel exists so far only in the plans and the hallucinations of the extreme right. It is wrong, but it is not real.) Judt has not replaced a national state with a post-national state; he has replaced a national state with another national state. He wishes to relieve Palestinian statelessness with Jewish statelessness, to exchange one vulnerable minority with another (even more) vulnerable minority. This, justice? The moral calculus of Judt's proposal is baffling.

Judt's history is also awry, which is unlike him. Israel was hardly the last or the latest nation-state to come into being. India and Pakistan were established at the same time as Israel. They, too, were born in violence and in partition. And the partition did not quell the violence. Was the partition of the subcontinent, therefore, a mistake? If it was, why does Judt not demand also the dismantling of Pakistan? Moreover, the United Nations is swollen with post-colonial nation-states that were created since the late 1940s, whose moral authority in the General Assembly and the Security Council does not seem to be vitiated for Judt by their belatedness. But what is really perplexing is the extent to which Judt has fallen for the legend of globalization. The most excruciatingly obvious fact about the world today is surely the extent to which it is *not* "multiethnic and multicultural" in the principles of its political organization. In economics and culture, there is an unprecedented porousness; but not in politics. Where is this beautiful cosmopolitan planet, this merrily deracinated family of man, in which Israel is the disfiguring exception? "A world of individual rights [and] international law"? Tell it to the Bosnians, the Rwandans, the Albanians, the ... well, he knows the list. We have heard a great deal in recent years about the necessary infringements of sovereignty in an increasingly interdependent world, and in a world increasingly marred by ethnic atrocities within the borders of multiethnic polities, but the infringements upon national sovereignty of, say, the European Union are not erasures of national sovereignty. France still exists, even if the franc no longer does. And the reason that France still exists is that it is founded on a national feeling, a collective subjectivity, which enjoys not only historical facticity but also moral validity.

THIS BRINGS US to Judt's second reason for condemning Israel to disappear. He is offended by the ideal of belonging that it represents. "In a world where nations and people increasingly intermingle and intermarry at will; where cultural and natural impediments to communication have all but collapsed; where more and more of us have multiple elective identities and would feel falsely constrained if we had to answer to just one of them; in such a world Israel is truly an anachronism." These are all platitudes, more where-do-you-want-to-go-today propaganda for the recent transfiguration of all things. Judt's eschatological satisfaction with our present circumstances is surprising. Have the impediments to communication collapsed? Only technologically; but the impediments to communication were never the same as the impediments to understanding. So far the intermingling of peoples has not delivered a golden age of tolerance: it turns out that everybody still does not wish to be like everybody else. Difference has been made mobile, not obsolete. And Judt's assumptions about identity are unexamined. His "more and more of us" is smug, and a little provincial. Who in the world answers to just one identity? What man or woman on earth is not afflicted by contradictions between loves and commitments and beliefs and desires? Who anywhere adds up?

In Judt's universe, there is either sampling or martyrdom. But a little reflection shows that the choice is not between the blessing of multiple elective identities and the curse of single exclusive identities. Strictly speaking, neither of those identities are actual. Individuals are never born into nothing, and what they are born into is never all that they are. Multiple elective identities are sometimes nothing more than a frantic shallowness, a consumerist attitude toward values and experiences; and single exclusive identities are sometimes the only avenue to significance and depth, and even to a proper appreciation of freedom. It would be more precise to speak paradoxically of multiple exclusive identities. Such identities are everywhere to be found—and in the Jewish state, too. Judt's characterization of Israel as "a faith-driven ethno-state" is wildly erroneous, a tendentious caricature. There are places in Israel that are hybridity heaven. (And there are places in Palestine where a little hybridity would go a long way.) It is true that national feeling, which exists in abundance even in "post-Zionist" Israel, is a scandal for the hallowed fluidity that the contemporary catechism prescribes for human affairs, but there are worse scandals. It might even be argued that national feeling, and group membership, and the engagement with tradition, and the preservation of peoplehood—all in a critical spirit, of course, and diversified by alienation and other affiliations, and vigilant about the corruptions of self-love—is all another blow against the philosophical casualness of the age. Anyway, the problem of the spirit of the age is not a Jewish

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problem. Zionism is not the only "constraint" in the world. Judt does not explain why the rectification of identity hangs upon the rectification of Israeli identity.

But he provides a clue. His third reason for wishing to wake up in a world without a Jewish state is the most embarrassing, because it is embarrassment. I mean that Judt is embarrassed by Israel. And so Israel must be gone. What follows is a passage of the sort that I never thought I would read in my time, at this late date in the modernity of the Jewish people. I squirm and type:

> Today, non-Israeli Jews feel themselves once again exposed to criticism and vulnerable to attack for things they didn't do. But this time it is a Jewish state, not a Christian one, which is holding them hostage for its own actions. Diaspora Jews cannot influence Israeli policies, but they are implicitly identified with them, not least by Israel's own insistent claims upon their allegiance. The behavior of a self-described Jewish state affects the way everyone else looks at Jews. The increased incidence of attacks on Jews in Europe and elsewhere is primarily attributable to misdirected efforts, often by young Muslims, to get back at Israel. ... The depressing truth is that Israel today is bad for the Jews.

Bad for the Jews! This is the parodic formula for a ludicrous degree of Jewish insecurity, an almost comical inner infirmity, and Judt is offering it, without irony, as a serious measure of the predicament of the Jews. *The New York Review of Books*: Is it bad for the Jews? I expect that Judt would recoil from such a vulgar question. But these are the terms of his own reflection.

Judt does not like that he is caught in a web of implication. The behavior of the self-described Jewish state seems to have affected the way everyone else looks at *him*. I detect the scars of dinners and conferences. He does not wish to be held accountable for things that he has not himself done, or to be regarded as the representative of anyone but himself. It is disagreeable to be falsely represented by others. These are old anxieties. But there is a new source of relief, as Judt himself reports. There is the saving elasticity of contemporary identity. Why doesn't he simply delete his Zionism or his support for Israel from his inventory of multiple elective identities? Why must Israel pay for his uneasiness with its life?

The reason, I fear, is that Judt has misinterpreted the nature of the hostility that vexes him. Consider his predicament again. He finds himself "implicitly identified" with Israel's actions in, say, Jenin. But he was nowhere near Jenin. He killed nobody. Indeed, he is ferociously opposed to the killings, and to the policies of the Sharon government in the territories generally. All he has to do, then, is to say so, and then to express his anger at the suggestion that he is in any way responsible for what he, too, deplores. For the notion that all Jews are responsible for whatever any Jews do, that every deed that a Jew does is a Jewish deed, is not a Zionist notion. It is an anti-Semitic notion. But Judt prefers to regard it as an onerous corollary of Zionism ("not least by Israel's own insistent claims upon their allegiance"). He refuses to place the blame for this unwarranted judgment of himself upon those who make it. Instead he accepts the premise of the prejudice, and turns on Israel. He makes a similar mistake in his evaluation of "the increased incidence of attacks on Jews in Europe." He knows that they are "misdirected," but still he describes them as "efforts, often by young Muslims, to get back at Israel." In what way, exactly, is the burning of a synagogue a method for getting back at Israel? In the anti-Semitic way, plainly. It is the essence of anti-Semitism, as it is the essence of all prejudice, to call its object its cause. But if you explain anti-Semitism as a response to Jews, and racism as a response to blacks, and misogyny as a response to women, then you have not understood it. You have reproduced it.

And bad for which Jews? Surely Israel is not bad for the Jews of Russia, who may need a haven; or for the Jews of Argentina, who may need a haven; or for the Jews of Iran, who may need a haven; or for any Jews who may need a haven. Judt's conception of the superfluity of the Jewish state is to a certain extent premised on his good fortune as a Jew. But the haven that other Jews may require is premised upon the perpetuation of a Jewish majority in the Jewish state, which is why the Zionism of numbers has always been more urgent than the Zionism of borders. (The Likud and the settlers movement have madly jeopardized the Zionism of numbers with the Zionism of borders.) This poses the problem of the tyranny of the majority, obviously; but this, too, is not a problem that is unique to the Jewish state. If the rights of the Arab minority in Israel are not scrupulously respected and vigorously enforced, then the Jewish state will have betrayed its liberal principles, but there is nothing in the ethnic composition of this majority that makes such a betrayal inevitable. Any majority may behave justly or unjustly toward any minority.

THE FINAL REASON for Judt's scheme is despair. This it is not difficult to dignify. The savagery of the Israeli-Palestinian conflict is so shocking and so unabating that it hurts a peaceable mind. "The Middle East peace process is finished," Judt begins. "It did not die: it was killed." And he asks: "Have we reached the end of the road? What is to be done?" He is not alone in his mood of hopelessness, in his desperation for a solution. But he has forgotten the dangers of desperate solutions, and adopted one. It is necessary to note that in other hands the elegy for the peace process does not have the integrity of sorrow and the turn to a bi-national state does not have the integrity of despair. The Palestinians who espouse binationalism are acting on their fondest and most uncompromising dreams. It is their device for defeating Zionism and gaining dominion over the entirety of the land, the shrewdest form of the Palestinian rejection of the idea of partition.

It is worth remembering, then, why partition was, and

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still is, the only admirable answer to the question of Palestine. The idea of partition does not deny the rights to the land of Israelis or Palestinians. Quite the contrary. It represents a recognition of the moral arguments of both sides. But it proceeds wisely to a suspension of the moral argument, because there is no such thing as a right to a half, the right to Tel Aviv is indeed the right to Nablus and the right to Nablus is indeed the right to Tel Aviv, and so the appeal to rights is always a prescription for national frustration, for a one-state solution, for domination, for war. But the idea of partition, the two-state solution, does not deny the nationalisms and it does not pander to them. It limits the fulfillment of the one only by the fulfillment of the other. It transforms the problem—the sharing of the land—into the solution. It insists that fairness is a variety of justice. And that variety is not Greater Israel with a Palestinian minority (or worse, a Palestinian majority) or Greater Palestine with a Jewish minority, but Israel and Palestine.

As the poet says, "two buckets were easier carried than one." Is the restoration of Jewish homelessness, and the vindication of Palestinian radicalism, and the intensification of inter-communal violence, really preferable to the creation of two states for two nations? Only if good people, thoughtful people, liberal people, do not keep their heads. But these are deranging days. ■

What David Kay really found.

Friendly Fire

BY BOB DROGIN

DAVID KAY WAS desperately trying to backtrack. A few minutes earlier, speaking on the telephone, America's chief weapons-hunter had clearly suggested that 13 years of U.N. arms and trade sanctions had effectively constricted Saddam Hussein's abilities to develop chemical, biological, and nuclear weapons. It was a startling admission from the 63-year-old CIA special adviser. It meant that a key premise of the U.S.-led invasion of Iraq last spring—the repeated claims by the Bush administration that the vast U.N. effort to disarm Saddam had failed—was in error.

"I think, by and large, that's close to where we are now," Kay had replied in his soft drawl when asked directly if U.N. sanctions had stymied Saddam's ability to produce weapons of mass destruction (WMD). "I don't know if it's close to where we will be. We have been struck, in probably three hundred interviews with Iraqi scientists, engineers, and senior officials, how often they refer to the impact of sanctions and the perceived impact of sanctions in terms of regime behavior," Kay had gone on. "So it may well be necessary to reassess what a lot of us ... quite frankly thought was the eroding impact of sanctions over the years."

Now, at the end of a 90-minute conference call with reporters on October 3, Kay clearly was having second thoughts—or had been urged to have them. Kay's official title at the CIA is special advisor for strategy regarding Iraqi weapons of mass destruction programs. His boss, George J. Tenet, the embattled director of central intelligence, cannot be happy that his high-profile appointee has failed to find any WMD after three months in the field and $300 million in expenses. Even worse, the interim report by Kay's Iraq Survey Group released the day before failed to support—and in some cases appeared to directly contradict—many of the CIA's frightening prewar assessments and warnings about Iraq's proscribed weapons. The CIA had arranged the conference call with Kay, and Agency spokesman Bill Harlow was monitoring the conversation closely. At the end, Harlow suggested Kay make a final comment. Kay quickly sought to clarify "our current views" on sanctions.

"What I was not saying is that sanctions were working," he declared, reversing his earlier statement. Kay said his progress report—most of which remains classified—indicates that Saddam had concluded by late 1999 or early 2000 that he could work around U.N. sanctions and that convincing the U.N. Security Council to lift them "was no longer the most important thing."

Then Kay tacked back again. "So it's going to be a difficult thing to finally assess the impact of sanctions," he admitted. American intelligence officials, he added, "probably did not adequately assess the psychological impact over the years that sanctions may have had on decision-making" in Baghdad. Kay groped his way to a conclusion. "This is one that we're going to have to deal with in the final report because it is key to a lot of issues," he said.

As I listened to Kay that day, I felt a bit sorry for him. He is a wonky technocrat from Texas, not a Washington politician, and his flip-flop on U.N. sanctions was a game effort to spin the dross in his long-awaited report into gold. After all, his closed-door briefings to the Senate and House Intelligence Committees the day before, and to the Senate Armed Services Committee that morning, had been, by all ac-

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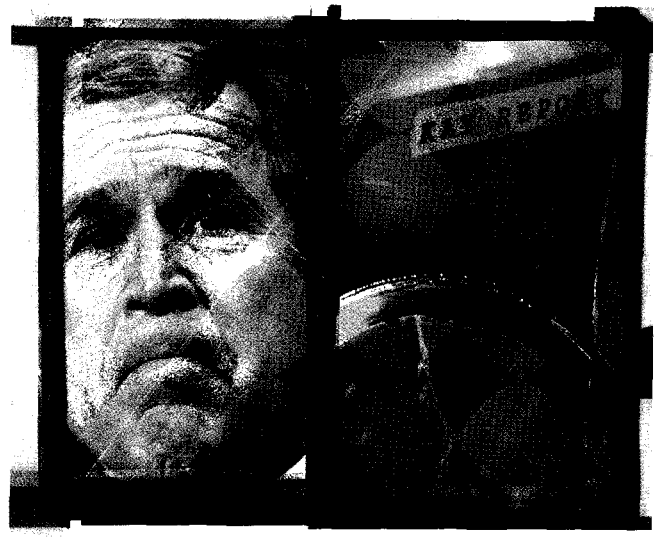
counts, something between a disappointment and a disaster. Put simply, Kay's weapons report had bombed.

Kay found no evidence that Iraq had taken significant steps to build nuclear weapons or produce fissile material after 1991. No evidence that aluminum tubes had been used to enrich uranium. No proof that two trucks carrying laboratory equipment had been designed to produce biowarfare agents, as the president had claimed. No smallpox, anthrax, or VX. No chemical or biological weapons ready to fire in 45 minutes—indeed, no poison gases or germ weapons at all. At worst, Saddam had "aspirations and intentions" to acquire WMD. Even Pat Roberts, the dour Kansas Republican who chairs the Senate Select Intelligence Committee and is usually a staunch supporter of both the Bush administration and the CIA, announced he was "not pleased" with the results. The U.S. intelligence community, he added ominously, "did not provide the kind of complete intelligence that we now, with twenty-twenty hindsight, would have hoped for."

Stung by the criticism, the White House swung into action: It blamed the media. A senior administration official called in reporters the day after Kay's report was released to complain bitterly—on deep background—about morning headlines that had stressed Kay's failure to find WMD. Desperate to re-spin the report and regain the initiative, the White House unholstered its biggest guns. Throughout the next week, President Bush, Vice President Dick Cheney, and the president's national security adviser, Condoleezza Rice, launched a salvo of speeches to sympathetic audiences in which they argued forcefully that Kay had proved that Saddam's *illegal* weapons programs were *alive* and well until the U.S.-led invasion.

But, to make that case, Bush officials have hyped many of the leads, clues, and suspicions outlined in Kay's mostly inconclusive report. The problem is that some of Kay's strongest claims—especially those cited by administration leaders—don't hold up under scrutiny. Far from making the case for war, Kay seems to have vindicated the U.N. weapons inspections and sanctions that were so maligned by White House hawks. And the supposedly imminent threat posed by Iraq earlier this year now seems vague and distant.

TO EVEN PLAUSIBLY entertain the administration's interpretation of the Kay report, one must forget, as the White House apparently has, the claim last fall in a now-declassified National Intelligence Estimate that all key aspects of Saddam's offensive bioweapons program—including research and development, production, and weaponization—were active "and that most elements are larger and more advanced than they were before the Gulf war." The Kay report doesn't support that assertion at all, so the administration has narrowed its claims. As part of their p.r. blitz, President Bush and his aides trumpeted Kay's discovery of one vial of clostridium botulinum okra B in an Iraqi scientist's home. The vial—about two inches high by half an inch wide—was ten years old and was the only suspect biological material recovered by Kay, but the administration portrayed it as decisive. "You kill people with botulinum," State Department spokesman Richard Boucher grimly told reporters. "It doesn't have any other use."



President Bush has touted the Kay report as evidence of Saddam's WMD program.

Well, not really. Botulinum A is widely marketed (in this country) under the trade name Botox as a medical treatment for dystonia, or severe muscle spasms, and as a cosmetic wonder drug to get rid of wrinkles. To be sure, if botulinum A seed stock is added to a warm nutrient broth, it can yield bacteria that can be harvested to produce a highly lethal neurotoxin that causes respiratory failure and death in 24 hours. In late 1990, Iraqi scientists poured at least 10,000 liters of botulinum A toxin into Al Hussein missile warheads and R-400 aerial bombs, according to U.N. reports.

But Kay found botulinum B, not A. The okra B strain is a common cause of deadly food poisoning, usually from spoiled food in cans, experts say. It is not very dangerous if you breathe it. And, more important, there is no evidence that Iraq—or anyone else—has ever succeeded in weaponizing botulinum B. "The Soviets dropped it [as a goal] and so did we, because we couldn't get it working as a weapon," said Dr. David Franz, former commander of the U.S. Army Medical Research Institute of Infectious Diseases at Fort Detrick, Maryland, where America's now-abandoned offensive bioweapons program was based during the cold war.

The odd circumstances of Kay's find also call into question the claim that the vial proves the existence of a bioweapons program. During the phone call, Kay explained that the Iraqi scientist had stored the vial in his kitchen refrigerator since 1993. The freeze-dried organism had sat there, unused and apparently untouched, for a decade. "If you were looking for a benign explanation, you could say that the Iraqis in 1993 had the intent to put their B.W. program on hold, but it had not been reactivated," said Tim Tre-

PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BY ANASTASIA VASILAKIS

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van, who was spokesman for the U.N. weapons inspectors during most of the '90s. "So for ten years it sits in [the scientist's] fridge, and he's fretting about it, and everyone else has forgotten about it."

Moreover, unlike type A, there is no evidence that Iraqi scientists ever produced type B. Kay doesn't yet know the origin of the sample he recovered, a CIA official told me, but it is possible that the botulinum in the vial came from the numerous biological seed stocks that Baghdad legally purchased from U.S. and European companies in the late '80s.

Bush administration officials also excitedly pointed reporters and supporters to the portion of Kay's report citing "new research" in Iraq on such potential biowarfare agents as Brucella and Congo Crimean Hemorrhagic Fever (CCHF) and "continuing work" on ricin and aflatoxin that were not declared to U.N. weapons inspectors. Writing in *The Washington Post*, conservative columnist Charles Krauthammer called this paragraph his "favorite" part of the Kay report. "I have been to medical school, and I have never heard of Congo Crimean Hemorrhagic Fever," he wrote. "I don't know one doctor in 100 who has. It is a rare disease, and you can be sure that Hussein was not seeking a cure."

It's true that the CCHF virus is rare inside the Beltway. But the disease is common in much of the world, including in Iraq. According to a World Health Organization fact sheet, CCHF "is endemic in many countries in Africa, Europe and Asia, and during 2001, cases or outbreaks have been recorded in Kosovo, Albania, Iran, Pakistan and South Africa." First identified in 1944, it is spread by ticks and can cause intense bleeding and death. There is no evidence anyone has weaponized it. "There are public health reasons to work with it in that part of the world," said Franz, who led three U.N. bioweapons inspections in Iraq between 1993 and 1995 and who supported the war to oust Saddam. "I wouldn't find it alarming that they're working on that."

Brucella is also endemic to Iraq. American military scientists weaponized Brucella during the cold war but did not consider it a high-priority weapon. The intracellular bacteria are slow-acting and usually can be treated with antibiotics. Ricin and aflatoxin are also ill-suited for bioweapons. Aflatoxin is an incapacitating agent but is rarely lethal in humans, though, in the long run, it can induce liver cancer. It is a nasty substance, to be sure, but one of limited use on the battlefield. Ricin can be highly lethal if inhaled, but it is very difficult to produce a pharmaceutical-grade powdered form for effective aerosol distribution. According to U.N. reports, Iraq tried weaponizing ricin during the late '80s but quit after field tests in November 1990 failed to kill test animals. "They gave up using ricin as a weapon," said Franz, who now is vice president of the chemical and biological defense division at the nonprofit Southern Research Institute, which is part of the University of Alabama. "That was the right decision in my opinion." Unless the particle formulation is correct, he added, "you almost need to be hit by a brick of it to kill you."

KAY AND HIS defenders say the search for WMD must go on for six to nine more months. One reason, Kay explains, is the sheer number of still-unexplored places where Saddam may have hidden his chemical weapons.

But, to see this possibility as justification for invading Iraq, one must once again forget the administration's repeated prewar claims that Saddam had begun renewed production of a witch's brew of deadly blister and nerve gases, including mustard, sarin, cyclosarin, and VX. The National Intelligence Estimate from last fall warned that Saddam probably had stockpiled 100 to 500 metric tons of chemical weapons agents, "much of it added in the last year."

Kay's interim report all but dismisses those claims as groundless. "Multiple sources," he wrote, indicate that Iraq "did not have a large, ongoing, centrally controlled C.W. program after 1991." Information found so far, he added, suggests Baghdad's large-scale capability to develop, produce, and fill new chemical munitions "was reduced—if not entirely destroyed" by the combined effects of the 1991 Gulf war, the 1998 Desert Fox air strikes, 13 years of U.N. sanctions, and nine years of U.N. inspections. Since large-scale facilities are needed to develop, produce, and fill chemical weapons for military use, the program was effectively dead.

To make his case for more time, Kay repeatedly pointed out that his weapons teams have searched only about ten of Iraq's 130 known ammunition storage points, or ASPs, for chemical weapons. Some sites are vast, with earth-covered, reinforced concrete bunkers scattered over miles of barren desert. Kay reported that they hold an estimated 600,000 tons of artillery shells, rockets, aviation bombs, and other ordnance. "As Iraqi practice was not to mark much of their chemical ordnance and to store it at the same ASPs that held conventional rounds, the size of the required search effort is enormous," he added.

That's not quite true. For one thing, U.N. weapons inspectors checked scores of suspect Iraqi military bases, ammo dumps, and armories before the war. After it ended, special U.S. weapons-hunting teams scrutinized scores more that had been identified by the Defense Intelligence Agency. On May 30, the top Marine commander in Iraq, Lieutenant General James Conway, told reporters that his troops had scoured ammo storage sites across southern Iraq for banned weapons. "We've been to virtually every ammunition supply point between the Kuwaiti border and Baghdad, but they are simply not there," Conway said.

There is another problem. If no chemical weapons were produced in bulk after 1991, as Kay now concedes, then he presumably is searching for chemical warfare agents or precursors left over from the '80s in drums or in filled munitions. It's possible that some will be found. But, except for Iraq's mustard gas, which had a long shelf life, all of Iraq's known nerve agents were of poor quality and would have deteriorated years ago. U.N. inspectors who recovered and destroyed large quantities of those weapons in the early

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'90s found they had lost most of their lethality and were not suitable for warfare.

Moreover, despite Kay's claim, several U.N. inspectors say Saddam's regime always marked its "special munitions," as chemical-filled shells, bombs, and warheads were known. The markings were neither consistent nor standard—some munitions had numbers, others a black stripe, others a stenciled white circle, others just the painted letter "A" or "B." Nevertheless, they were marked. In fact, the markings were so well-known that, before the war, the Pentagon produced hand cards showing the various markings so that military ordnance and demolition experts could identify chemical weapons. There was good reason. On March 4, 1991, just after the Gulf war ended, up to 5,000 American troops were exposed when American military engineers mistakenly destroyed bunkers containing sarin and mustard gas at the Kamisiyah ammo-storage site in southern Iraq. No one wanted the accidental release of another toxic cloud. "Kay's comment gives the impression [chemical weapons] were kept with conventional munitions, and he'll have to check every shell," said an American weapons expert who spent seven years as a U.N. inspector and who strongly supported the war. "That's baloney. They kept them separated from regular munitions, they had separate security, and they had separate chain of command. They were never co-located with conventional munitions."

But Bush officials maintain that much may yet be hidden in Iraq, and, as evidence, they have emphasized Kay's discovery of a clandestine network of two dozen small laboratories in safehouses run by the Mukhabarat, Saddam's ruthless secret police and intelligence service. In his report, Kay said the "previously unknown" labs contained dual-use equipment that should have been declared to U.N. inspectors and that was "suitable for continuing [chemical and biological weapons] research." He did not say if such research was actually conducted and so presumably had no evidence that it was. Still, he called the discovery a "major surprise."

It is not clear why. U.N. inspectors uncovered documents and other evidence about the secret Mukhabarat labs in 1996 and sent search teams out several times to find them during the next two years. They never did, but internal U.N. reports were filled with references to them, said the same former U.N. inspector, who asked not to be identified because he has applied to join Kay's group. "There were Post-it notes everywhere about the labs saying, 'Who is this? What about this? Where is this?' " he said. "It was on our investigative menu for a long time."

KAY'S BIGGEST SUCCESS unquestionably was unraveling parts of Saddam's extensive clandestine efforts between 1998 and 2002 to design and build three new classes of solid-fueled and liquid-fueled missiles. Some would have been able to fly more than 600 miles, far beyond the 90-mile limit imposed by U.N. resolutions. All the missiles were still in the planning stages, but a covert crash program clearly was in place. Details about the project fill nearly half of Kay's unclassified report.

In addition, Kay found considerable evidence that Saddam never stopped elaborate sanctions-busting efforts to obtain raw materials, equipment, spare parts, and expertise overseas for his illicit missile programs, though it is unclear how successful the procurement network was. In one especially intriguing failure, Kay reported that North Korea's ruler, Kim Jong Il, stalled for months and ultimately refused to refund $10 million to Saddam's regime after a 1999 missile-technology smuggling scheme fell through. The White House said the no-honor-among-dictators case was the first hard proof of a link between Pyongyang and Baghdad. Kay is also investigating other governments, companies, and individuals who helped Saddam.

However, Kay also found that U.N. sanctions and inspections clearly took a toll on the missile program. He cited one previously unknown effort in which Iraqi technicians planned to install powerful Russian Mi-8 or Mi-17 helicopter turbine engines into Silkworm coastal defense missiles to convert them into land-attack cruise missiles with an 1,100-pound warhead. Saddam personally approved the so-called Jenin missile plan in November 2001, Kay said. But it foundered a year later when U.N. weapons teams returned to Iraq to resume inspections. The Iraqis quickly halted engine development and testing, disassembled a test stand, and hid the equipment in the desert, Kay said.

For some, the discovery of a continuing, if incomplete, covert missile program provides the United States with all the post-hoc evidence it needs to justify the war. Timothy V. McCarthy, a missile expert and former U.N. inspector who leaves this week to join Kay's operation in Iraq, called the new evidence "an unbelievable find and incredibly damaging to the Iraqi position" that it was fully complying with U.N. rules. But he admitted that not everyone shares his perspective, since missiles are delivery systems, not WMD. "To me, it's always been as much a matter of compliance as threat," he explained.

To be sure, the Bush administration cited Iraq's long and tortured history of noncompliance with U.N. resolutions before the war. But the legalistic argument was always secondary to the more incendiary claims that Saddam's WMD posed a genuine threat. And not everyone is convinced that the new evidence that Kay found is all that strong.

Hans Blix, who headed the U.N. Monitoring, Verification and Inspection Commission from 2000 until he retired last summer, told me that Kay has found "only some fairly minor items that should have been declared" to the United Nations. "It's a long way from finding some minor things, as they did, to concluding Iraq was an imminent danger," Blix said in a telephone interview from his home in Stockholm. During the run-up to the war, Bush administration officials derided the Swedish diplomat as hapless, helpless, or worse. I asked Blix if he felt vindicated now by the Kay report. "I don't want to be boastful," he replied. After a pause, he

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added, "More and more of the evidence is falling apart. The more time that passes when nothing is found, the more I am inclined to believe there is nothing there. The Iraqis said consistently that they destroyed almost everything in 1991. It may well be that they did so."

STILL, THE QUESTION remains: If Saddam had no active WMD, why did he and his henchmen behave as if they were hiding them? If the regime only harbored what Rice called "ambitions" to build WMD again someday, why did Iraqi officials repeatedly deceive U.N. inspectors and withhold crucial information? Why did Saddam's intelligence services send double agents, disguised as defectors, to mislead the West? In the end, why didn't the dictator cooperate more to avert the war and save his regime?

Blix believes the answer is a mix of pride and "poor, miscalculated brinksmanship. Saddam lived in an intellectual bunker. Perhaps he didn't realize the U.S. was so serious." Rolf Ekeus, who ran U.N. weapons inspections in Iraq from 1991 to 1997 as executive chairman of the U.N. Special Commission, believes regional politics and Iraq's longtime rivalry with neighboring Iran drove Saddam's behavior. "The weapons always had to do with his Nebuchadnezzar complex and his sense as the protector of the Arabs against the Persians," Ekeus told me in a telephone interview from Holland. "He believed he had to serve as the gatekeeper to stop the Shiite Islamists."

We're not likely to have a definitive answer until Saddam himself is found. For now, Kay and his top aides gather each Saturday afternoon at their offices in Camp Slayer, the U.S. intelligence base beside the Baghdad airport, to discuss these and other theories. Their headquarters is in what Saddam's regime called the Perfume Palace, a bizarre blue-domed complex of cavernous ballrooms with SUV-sized crystal chandeliers, glowering murals of Saddam on the marble walls, and an indoor pool shaped like the fingers of a hand. When I visited in June, engineers were planning to install hundreds of computer stations and a SCIF, spook-speak for a bug-proof communications room. The Spartan living conditions were fast improving. Bulldozers were grading the dusty ground around the palace to build a mess hall and to install imported air-conditioned trailers for living quarters along the shores of three man-made lakes.

Kay said he has no favorite theory as to why no WMD have been found. Perhaps they were moved to Syria or another nation just before the war, he said. Perhaps they were hidden or buried in the desert and the people who know their location are dead, or in the resistance movement, or hiding.

And, perhaps, Kay admitted, Saddam's weapons of mass destruction "do not exist." ■

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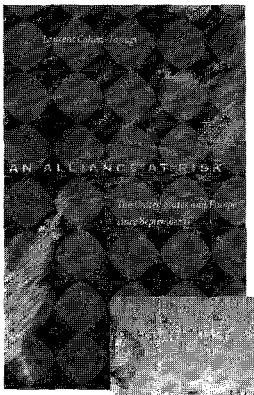

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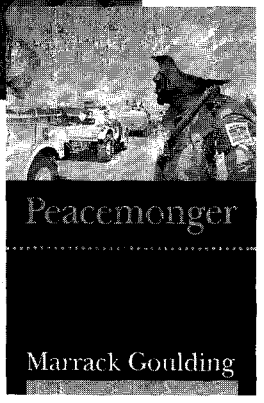

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Ministry and Mystery

ERIC TILL, WHO DIRECTED **LUTHER**, has a wry advantage. There is no way for a committed film-watcher to avoid this picture: the subject is of global importance and has not often been treated on the screen. Advance word that the film was not based on John Osborne's play was a small relief, because for all its spurts of fire and anguish, the play does not succeed. Nonetheless, this new *Luther* promised little more than a trudge through a selection of historical data with a décor of theological dispute. How could a two-hour film possibly be adequate to this tremendous subject—or even lively?

LUTHER
(RS Entertainment)

THE FLOWER OF EVIL
(Palm)

Till's advantage is that our low expectations help his film. Certainly it is not anything like complete, from either a Catholic or a Protestant view; but it has caught and created the quintessential agon of the protagonist—together with enough of the temper of others to help make that agon burn. And in a sense, religious or otherwise, the film continues in us after its finish.

The performances, Till's directing, and the settings and costumes and lighting are so fine that the screenplay by Camille Thomasson and Bart Gavigan seems better than it is. Or, to put it more justly to these writers, the screenplay accomplishes its fundamental aim: it provides the means for the filming of the story to be more full-bodied than its writing.

Luther begins in Erfurt in 1507, with the young priest-theologian already attracting attention and provoking the laughter of his congregation with digs at clerical practices. Yet he is so brilliant that he is allowed to join a group of clerics on a pilgrimage to Rome. There he is shocked. The holy city seems to him a residence of sin and sloth, lay and clerical. He then begins the struggle against the papal-permitted sale of indulgences (purchasable forgiveness for sin)—a struggle that, no matter how fervent Luther's Catholic faith remains, puts him in conflict with the Vatican. His Ninety-five Theses, proposals for reform of various ecclesiastical practices, are nailed to the Wittenberg church door, and the Western world begins to change. In 1525, as if to confirm his schism with Rome, he marries an ex-nun (with whom he then has six children). The screenplay's one structural bump is this marital coda, which, true though it is, might make the viewer think that Luther had battled on with the church so that in time he could be free to marry.

Joseph Fiennes, recently seen as a fictitious Shakespeare in *Shakespeare in Love*, plays Luther with all the verity at his command, which is considerable. His performance is far from the usual external writhings in religious roles: Fiennes has imagined and created from within. His Luther is not the thunderer we might expect, but he is, wondrously, the incarnation of a man passionate for God and angry with mundane intercessions. Peter Ustinov is restrained yet full as Prince Frederick, Luther's cautious protector. (Luther presents him with the first copy of his translation of the New Testament into German in 1522.) Bruno Ganz lends his natural dignity to the monk Staupitz. The cinematographer Robert Fraisse used an overall, gently handled sepia tone so that the picture would not revel in Technicolor. This allows the red of the cardinals' robes, when they appear, to stand out in color and in thematic comment. All these elements and many more are forwarded by Till's directing, with a command of historical swirl and innermost privacies.

Some have opined that *Luther* is topical, relevant to current conflicts with religious fundamentalists. For me, it is something else, something more. Years ago, a sociologist told me that he considered Luther the first step toward Karl Marx. Before Luther, the church guided and decided everything in life, thus pointing the way to a possibly blissful eternity. Communicants lived within their religion. They relied on it for both immediate and ultimate guidance. Luther proposed the possibility of human judgment in the realm of the spirit, of personal evaluation in religious matters. This aperture widened into a non-Roman church. For some, the aperture widened further through the centuries, diminishing religious sway. Worldly values waxed, eventually, into materialism. (In point of fact, Marx referred numerous times to Luther, and his own prose style was influenced by Luther's translation of the Bible.) Whether you believe my sociologist or not, his comment certainly lends an unusual weight to Luther's revolution, recalled strikingly in this film.

Claude Chabrol—bless him, one must add, even if with a small sigh of familiarity—keeps working. Born in 1930, he was one of the first of the New Wave (a term that has by now acquired the scent of lavender). More, he was a generous aid to others of that French group. He began directing in 1958 and has never committed an ill-made film, has rarely made a dull one, and has occasionally created a gem. (*This Man Must Die*, for instance.) Here now is his fiftieth picture, **THE FLOWER OF EVIL**. Once again the story entails violent death, and as in his last picture, *Merci Pour le Chocolat*, it takes place within the complex of a well-upholstered family. The latest Chabrol is a bit bland, but by now a new film of his is almost like meeting a previously unencountered family member.

Nathalie Baye, treasured from *A Week's Vacation* and *The Return of Martin Guerre*, plays a fiftyish, rather wealthy woman who is running for the post of councillor in her town. She has a second husband; she also has a grown daughter by her first husband. Her present husband has a grown son by his first wife. An

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Oslo and Arafat—Ten Years Later

Has it brought us closer to peace in the Middle East?

Almost exactly ten years ago, Yitzchak Rabin, the prime minister of Israel, and Yasser Arafat, then as now the leader of the "Palestinians," shook hands on the White House lawn. They were joined by a beaming president Clinton, who had been instrumental in bringing this "Oslo Accord" about. The world, and certainly most Israelis and most of the world's Jews, were delighted. After almost 100 years of continuous strife, peace between Arabs and Jews, seemed to be finally at hand.

What are the facts?

Treachery from the beginning. For their efforts, Arafat, Rabin and also Shimon Peres, then foreign minister of Israel and one of the architects of the Oslo Accord, were awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. In retrospect, it seems almost unbelievable, that a thug, a liar, and a murderer like Arafat could have received that prize.

The treachery of Arafat became apparent almost immediately. One of the obligations that he had undertaken was to immediately stop all violence, and to assure that the state of Israel could live in peace and security. Just a few days later, however, a twenty-two year old Israeli was knifed to death. He was only the first of over 1,000 Israelis, who would be shot, knifed, or torn to pieces and thousands wounded and traumatized for life by "Palestinian" terror.

> "What to do with Arafat? The answer is to put him on trial, just as Adolf Eichman and Slobodan Milosevic were put on trial for the atrocities that they had committed."

Instead of bringing about a reconciliation, an end to the century-old conflict, the Oslo Accord succeeded in exacerbating it and to bring it to a bloody culmination. Regrettably, the Israelis did everything they could to empower the "Palestinians." They allowed them to arm themselves, though only with light weapons. But short of tanks, advanced missiles and warplanes, the "Palestinians" now have almost every conceivable weapon. Most of those weapons were smuggled in through tunnels into Gaza., with the Egyptians turning a blind eye. Only a few months ago, the Israelis intercepted the KARINE-A, a vessel loaded with 50 tons of advanced weaponry.

Author of many crimes. Arafat promised in the Oslo Accord to rescind the clauses in the "Palestinian Covenant" that call for the destruction of Israel. But he never did that, of course. The destruction of Israel, by one means or another, remains the supreme goal of the PLO.

In waging war against Israel, Arafat has brought untold misery to his people. Unemployment in the territories is over 50 percent; there's no commerce or industry; and the tens of thousands who had good jobs in Israel are now idle and cannot feed their families. There would now be mass starvation in "Palestine" were it not for the regular relief remittances from the governments of the world, most of them of course from the United States.

Very few people have any longer any faith in Arafat. Even the most sanguine have come to realize that he is a terrorist and an inveterate liar. For years he told the West about his peaceful intentions, but when speaking to his own people or to other Arabs he incessantly advocates "jihad"—total war against the Jews and the recovery of "Palestine from the river to the sea." That means the elimination of Israel.

Arafat's greatest crime must surely be the poisoning of the minds of two generations of Arab children. From the very first grade they learn to hate the Jews and to prepare themselves for martyrdom, preferably by blowing themselves up and killing as many Jews as possible.

But the sabotage of the Oslo Accord is only a small part of Arafat's villainy. He is personally responsible for thousands of terror attacks over the last six decades, including the killing of Israeli athletes at the Munich Olympics; the hijacking and blowing up of airliners filled with civilians; kidnapping and killing of Americans, including American diplomats; destabilizing Jordan; the effective destruction of Lebanon, and much more.

What to do with such a man? President Bush has finally recognized Arafat for what he is, though, inexplicably, he is still the darling of many European governments. The Israelis have kept him holed up for many months—he is out of circulation, and they have declared him to be irrelevant. But he is not, of course. From his lair, he is still in control, in contact with his minions, and he still calls all the shots. The Israelis have floated the idea of killing him or of exiling him. Both would be counter-productive. Killing him would make him a martyr. Exiling him would not prevent him from doing his mischief from every corner of the world. No, the answer is to take him prisoner and to put him on trial—just as the arch criminals Adolf Eichman and Slobodan Milosevic were put on trial for the atrocities that they had committed.

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elderly aunt, played by the very dear Suzanne Flon, knows some family secrets. Merely recounting these details is to write in invisible ink the word "Chabrol."

What we see at the start is a body—a well-dressed man lying in a plush bedroom. The film then goes back to explain why. Money figures in the plot, of course, and sexual shenanigans are prominent. The story develops the way that Chabrol always promises—with as much human foible as factual detail. The most typical Chabrolian moment occurs when the daughter and the elderly aunt are dragging a corpse up the stairs of their house. Both women are considerably stressed, and when they get near the top of the stairs, they lose their grip. The body slides back a few steps. The two women grab it quickly, and even in that moment they can't help laughing at the basic comedy of the short slide.

A domestic environment has frequently been important to Chabrol. (Oddly, this film is itself something of a family affair. Madame Chabrol is once again the continuity supervisor. One Chabrol son is in the cast, and another composed the score.) Chabrol's fictional families always include crime, with the domestic interstitchings increasing the chills. So concentrated has he been on family settings for murder stories that he has become the Ibsen of Grand Guignol. ■

JED PERL ON ART

Not-So-Simple Simplicity

MUSEUMGOERS WHO STILL believe in artistic progress are likely to be shaken by a visit to "The Dawn of Photography: French Daguerreotypes, 1839–1855," at the Metropolitan Museum of Art through January 4. This finely tuned powerhouse of an exhibition, which focuses on the very beginnings of the art of the camera, doubles as a demonstration of nearly everything that the camera has ever been able to do. Photography, a medium that is often said to be fueled by technological change, nevertheless appears to have been born fully formed, so that in a scant fifteen years all the possibilities, while far from exhausted, had already been sounded and explored. Near the very beginning of the show, we see photography's capacity for heart-stopping lucidity leap to life in a group of views of Paris and the Seine. Soon afterward we find ourselves wondering at the rapidity with which this world-washed-clean vision is turned to portraiture, to erotica, to studies of foreign places. And almost simultaneously, as photographers eagerly pile still-life elements into baroquely convoluted arrangements or stage-manage their friends and servants into more or less sentimental tableaux, we are confronted with the camera's powers of dissimulation, as bare fact gives way to fantasy and also to kitsch.

THE DAWN OF PHOTOGRAPHY: FRENCH DAGUERREOTYPES, 1839–1855
(Metropolitan Museum of Art)

STRANGERS: THE FIRST ICP TRIENNIAL OF PHOTOGRAPHY AND VIDEO
(International Center of Photography)

DIANE ARBUS: REVELATIONS
(San Francisco Museum of Modern Art)

While photographic technology continues to move forward at breakneck speed, so that the paper print and the family album now seem on the verge of being eclipsed by the digital images that everybody e-mails to family and friends, the messages that photographs convey have not changed all that much in the past century and a half. The medium remains committed to things as they are, in spite of all the questions that have been raised about the veracity of photography. No painting could possibly convey the almost alarming immediacy that we experience in a tiny daguerreotype portrait of Delacroix included in "The Dawn of Photography," where the romantic painter's gaze is so darkly energetic that it seems to stir the very air in the gallery. The frank, unvarnished eroticism of one of the greatest photographs in the exhibition, a study of a nude black woman, her legs spread, her hand between her legs, is underscored by the photographic artist's easygoing technical know-how. In some of these daguerreotypes we see how the camera's power to freeze time becomes an instrument for romantic complication, and the very process of lingering over ordinary things lends them a poetic loveliness. The steadiness with which photographers attend to the look and the feel of the world around them can suggest an almost conservative spirit.

While there is no reason to believe that nothing new can occur in photography because so much has already occurred, the extent to which the history of photography is front-loaded with revelations certainly challenges the widely held belief that photographers have more of a purchase on the present and the future than painters or sculptors. Almost simultaneously with the opening of "The Dawn of Photography," the International Center of Photography has mounted what is billed as its "First Triennial of Photography and Video." The exhibition, which is up through November 30, is called "Strangers," and it sounds a theme that goes back, according to Carol Squiers, a curator at ICP, all the way to Daguerre. The shutter speeds that the inventor of the daguerreotype had to use when he trained his camera on the sights of Paris were far too slow to capture the people hurrying along the street, but Daguerre did manage to immortalize a man on the Boulevard du Temple who had stood still to have his boots cleaned—and that man, Squiers believes, is photography's first stranger. While few of the strangers in the ICP exhibition have occasioned photographs that are in any way remarkable, the show does reflect a spirited curiosity about the variety of human experience, and it is relatively free of the whorish eagerness to innovate that turns most international surveys into multimedia instruction manuals for the radically chic.

Among the celebrated photographers who have taken an interest in the men and women who live at the margins of our society and are sometimes regarded as strangers, Diane Arbus is a hallowed figure. An almost religiose excitement attends the appearance of *Diane Arbus: Revelations* (Random House), an elaborately produced book that accompanies the exhibition of the same name that will be at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art from October 25 through Febru-

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COURTESY MUSÉE CARNAVALET

UNKNOWN ARTIST, *The Pont-Neuf, the Louvre, and the Quai de la Mégisserie, Paris,* 1845–1850

ary 8, and then tours the United States and Europe until 2006. Photographs, which are made by machines, are in certain respects the most disinterested of works of art, and Arbus sometimes seems to emphasize the impartiality of the camera's eye through the stark, documentarian symmetry of her compositions. Yet there is always an element of ambiguity mixed into Arbus's approach to photographic disinterestedness, for even as she turns our attention away from the high bohemian Manhattan where she lived and worked, she gives her off-the-grid cast of characters a dramatically personalized aura. Through the very act of snapping the picture, she is announcing, she is shouting from the rafters, "This is what interests *me*."

You could argue that a photographer is constitutionally incapable of putting form before feeling. The very act of making the photograph—of composing the image, of selecting the lighting—is a way of declaring one's feelings. Even a photographer such as Aaron Siskind, who is generally regarded as an abstractionist, raises questions about choices made in the world, because he discovered his enigmatic images in the peeling paint and the dusty graffiti of city walls. When I see Siskind's work—which is the subject of a number of exhibitions and publications celebrating the centenary of his birth—I ask, Why this particular peeling wall? Painters, who make a world from scratch, disappear into their creations. Photographers always remain observers. When we look at photographs we are always being reminded of a particular person's relationship with the facts—and that is finally an ethical relationship.

The towering figures in the invention of photography in the third decade of the nineteenth century, Louis Jacques Mandé Daguerre in France and William Henry Fox Talbot in England, were as interested in the sciences as they were in the arts, and their scientific bent acted as a damper on the perfervidness of the Victorian imagination. While it was Joseph Nicéphore Niépce who made many of the discoveries essential to the development of the daguerreotype, it was Daguerre who perfected the polished copper sheet that was rendered light-sensitive through silver plating. When he presented his achievement to the French Academy of Sciences in 1839, Daguerre was already well known in Paris as a designer of sets for the Opéra and the proprietor of the Diorama, a theater where he presented vast, romantic architectural vistas, painted on two sides of translucent fabrics and elaborately lit to create proto-cinematic effects. Although within a number of decades the daguerreotype, which was a unique image, would be overwhelmed by much-improved versions of Talbot's negative, from which paper prints could be produced ad infinitum, there is a sense in which the exquisite detail of the daguerrean image has never been bettered. A few years ago, when Andreas Gursky's immense color photographs of vacation spots and retail interiors and teeming humanity were greeted with such enthusiasm at the Museum of Modem Art, I was amused to hear people praise these high-gloss spectacles for their clarity, because in fact their detail is quite fuzzy, at least compared with the razor-sharp focus of the finest daguerreotypes.

At "The Dawn of Photography," where a good many of the works are by photographers whose names are unknown, we may be left with the impression that the resplendence of these images is an effect of the medium itself, and this is not entirely untrue. The exhibition, which was seen in a much larger version at the Musée d'Orsay in Paris last summer, has been magnificently presented in New York by Malcolm Daniel, a curator in the Metropolitan's department of photographs. This is one more in the recent string of supreme museumgoing experiences presented by the Metropolitan; I don't think New York has seen a survey of nineteenth-century photography as exciting since "Era of Exploration," devoted to early representations of the American West, at the Metropolitan in the mid-1970s. All on their own, the views of Paris in "The Dawn of Photography" would make a matchless exhibition. In a group of pellucid studies of the Seine and the Île de la Cité and the Pont-Royal and the Louvre, the silveriness of the daguerreotype proves a perfect vehicle to catch the gray sparkle of Parisian light. A study of a Renaissance house on the rue Saint-Denis, with its elaborate carved façade, gives us a first glimpse of the almost scientific brand of nostalgia that would some sixty years later animate Atget's studies of the crumbling monuments of France. A daguerreotype of Notre Dame, swathed in immense black draperies for the funeral in 1842 of the still youthful duc d'Orléans, is an imperishable document of a lost form of spectacular public funerary decor.

Outdoor scenes are certainly among the glories of this show, and they range far beyond Paris to the monuments of Athens and Egypt, the streets of Martinique, the cedars of Lebanon, and the graphite-mining operations that an adventurous Frenchman set up in Siberia. Going through "The Dawn of Photography," wondering at the feats of technical perfection that were achieved under what must have often been hair-raisingly difficult conditions, you see how for these photographers technological and scientific know-how became an expression of

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artistic instinct. In the 1840s there was a rapid rise in the production of portrait daguerreotypes, not only in France but in the rest of Europe and especially in the United States, and although much of this work is assembly-line stuff, there were some photographers who pushed the portrait to poetic heights. Among the most beautiful portraits in "The Dawn of Photography" is a study in quotidian serenity that is attributed to Hippolyte Bayard: a middle-aged man, his legs stretched in front of him, his top hat set casually on a stone, takes in the sunshine of a little courtyard, its walls ornamented with espaliered plants. Adolphe Humbert de Molard, one of the brilliant amateurs who are key figures in the early history of photography, is responsible for an unexpectedly gripping bit of make-believe: his study of a young man pretending to be a prisoner chained in his cell would be pure kitsch if it were not for the amateur actor's smoldering, illusion-shattering romantic gaze. Among the electrifying erotic photographs included are images so brazen or so clinical that some museumgoers may see a resemblance to Courbet's *Origin of the World*.

WHILE IT IS THE NATURAL shimmering beauty of the daguerreotype that carries us through "The Dawn of Photography" and makes magic of such curiosities as a photomicrograph of a drop of frog's blood, the show also includes more than a few works in which artistry gives way to artiness. When Humbert de Molard sets up an elaborate sickbed scene, or when an anonymous photographer poses a boy so as to recall the coziness of de Hooch's Dutch interiors, it is easy to see how an attempt to mimic painting can transform the photograph's verisimilitude into a cheap-shot magic trick. What is far more difficult to grasp from the work included in "The Dawn of Photography" is that the very frankness of photography can also inspire a whole other kind of artistic posturing. For if directness is photography's glory, it is also liable to be manipulated, used as a sort of all-purpose rhetorical device, until frankness itself becomes a form of obfuscation or artiness—which is a fair description, I think, of the work of Diane Arbus.

Arbus, who committed suicide in 1971 at the age of forty-eight, is widely admired as a truth-teller, and if the initial reactions to the new book, *Diane Arbus: Revelations,* are any indication, the woman and her work are exerting as strong an attraction today as they did at the time of the posthumous retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art in 1972. Arbus's warts-and-all photographs, which are at once exposés and benedictions, create just the right kind of psychological havoc for a public that is all too willing to believe that any image that disturbs your equanimity is emotionally authentic, and that the greatest works of art are the ones that leave you wondering if you are yourself emotionally authentic. The public all too easily confuses hyperbole with honesty, and Arbus, who is intent on telling us how awful everything is, is a master of the highfalutin creep-out.

In a series of photographs of older women on the streets of New York, Arbus seems to suggest that these ladies, who quite clearly take considerable pride in looking their best, are in fact ghouls; she gives such a sharp-eyed attention to their elaborately made-up faces and carefully arranged clothes that they begin to resemble the transvestites in whom Arbus also took an interest. The very eagerness with which Arbus's ladies out for an afternoon pose for the camera becomes a measure of their self-delusion. What's missing is the delicacy that Brassaï (whose work Arbus admired) brought to his famous photograph of an old whore, swathed in cheap jewelry, seated in a café. Brassaï reminds us that, for all her haggard theatricality, this wreck of a woman is still the proud possessor of a pair of beautiful, velvety eyes. Arbus uses the fixity of the image to deny people their freedom—and in so doing she also denies them their self-esteem. She undermines the young as well as the old, the pretty as well as the ugly. Often photographed front and center, in a dull symmetry, even her most sexually intriguing subjects seem wilted, marooned. Nobody ever looks their best, which is meant as some sort of revelation.

Arbus is one of those devious bohemians who celebrate other people's eccentricities and are all the while aggrandizing their own narcissistically pessimistic view of the world. In a letter from 1968, Arbus observes that "all families are creepy in a way," and of course we know what she means. There is a solipsistic element to family life, a comfortableness in the way that husbands and wives and children interact that can at times feel almost sordid. When Arbus photographs an upscale suburban family relaxing in their backyard, she seems to want us to believe that the husband's and the wife's desire to present themselves as an attractive, sexy couple hides some terrible secret. But the only secret that is revealed is the secret of Arbus's own snobbery. She is the New York Jewish intellectual who treats these polished bourgeois as if they were fascinating freaks in her personal sideshow. While it has often been observed that Arbus's documentary manner owes much to August Sander, we must not forget that Sander brought the same equitable eye to all people, beautiful and ugly, rich and poor, wise and foolish, so that when his work is seen in bulk, as it was meant to be, the spirit is one of democratic optimism.

Arbus stacks the deck through her insistent focus on people who are mad or odd or marginal, and that is her privilege as an artist. What I find unacceptable is that she leaves it to us to sort out the meanings. Arbus may not always have known what she wanted from her subjects, but she always knew how to give her confusions a fashionably ambiguous tone. In her letters Arbus describes visits to a school for the retarded in New Jersey, where she found the subjects of some of her last photographs, and you feel the warmth of her attention to these people—indeed, the problem may be that she makes too much of her own interest. Her attentiveness becomes an ego trip. She is Saint Diane, tending her flock. She makes a very telling comment in the midst of a technical discussion of her method of mixing strobe and daylight to create certain bright yet grayed-down effects. "I am like someone who gets excellent glasses because of a slight defect in eyesight," she writes, "and puts Vaseline on them to make it look more like he normally sees." She is always cultivating equivocation; she is always razzing the honesty of photography. And even as she rages against the coolness of the medium, she is wrapping herself in photography's inherent earnestness. The photographs are an emotional tease.

NOWADAYS THE VERY CONCEPT of artistic responsibility is seen by some as oppressive, and the result is that Arbus gets away with suggesting that the world made her do it. Arbus pioneered a sort of passive-aggressive attitude that flourishes among contemporary photographers who shove what they regard as challenging subject matter in our faces and leave it floating

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there. One young photographer who is receiving a good deal of attention this fall is Katy Grannan, who finds the men and women who are the subjects of her work by placing ads in newspapers for models willing to pose in the nude. Grannan had two shows this fall—at the Artemis Greenberg Van Doren Gallery and at Salon 94—and the effect is indeterminacy incarnate, whether she is photographing her amateur bathing beauties and overweight kids in color in pretty rural settings, which gives the large-scale images a disconcerting sweetness, or in black and white in claustrophobic interiors. Grannan's subjects are all obviously glad to have us see what they look like with nothing on, and of course we take a look. While Grannan exercises a certain amount of control over these experiments in the banality of voyeurism, I am unable to locate a scrap of significance in photographic mood pieces that are one part pulchritude and one part ennui.

Grannan's work would have easily fit into the International Center of Photography's "Strangers," which has its share of photographers, like Rineke Dijkstra and Collier Schorr, who play a sort of bait-and-switch game with their frequently young and attractive subjects, presenting them as visual candy and as something else—as illustrations of a theory about gender or race or class, a theory that is nowadays presented with a certain post-political listlessness. If there is something more to "Strangers" than this hipster morality, it is that there is an inherent fascination to photographs that from time to time eludes even the best-laid plans of the forty photographers and video artists whose work is on display. Justine Kurland's pictures of men and women who live on contemporary communes are not much more than impressively stage-managed magazine illustrations, and yet her cast of characters are a fascinating bunch. I had mixed responses to Shizuka Yokomizo's photographs of people seen though the windows of their apartments. Yokomizo sends letters to the occupants of these first-floor apartments in which she explains that she will appear outside a certain window at a certain time, and her subjects are the people who actually decide to respond to her bizarre solicitations. The idea is a slim contrivance, and yet which of us has not looked into windows, wondering at what goes on in there?

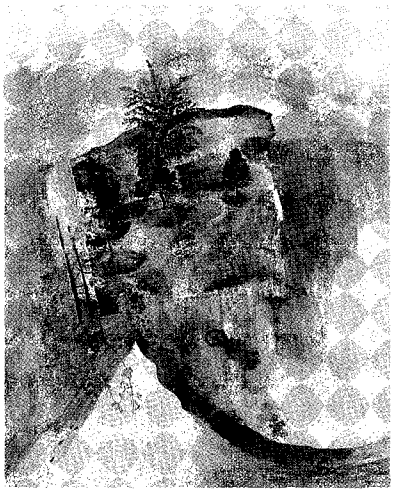
Yokomizo's photographs are trivial, guilty fun—*Rear Window* without Hitchcock, Kelly, or Stewart. But elsewhere in "Strangers" there is something embarrassing about the cleverness with which serious subjects are turned into neat, gallery-friendly packages. I strongly object to the aestheticizing of political dissent in Efrat Shvily's series of black and white images, "New Homes in Israel and the Occupied Territories." Shvily photographs these housing developments when there are no people in sight, so that they take on a minimalist eeriness. She draws our attention to the banality of the new buildings, and in doing so, as I understand it, she means to merge opposition to the settlements with a kind of sly demonstration of her own good taste. Is her point that the settlements in the West Bank would be fine if Renzo Piano or Frank Gehry were drawing up the plans?

Two of the works that I liked best in the ICP triennial are brief films, perhaps because in these works the strangers are at last able to exert some freedom of movement, however limited that may be. Fiona Tan's "Facing Forward" is a collage of archival footage that focuses on indigenous peoples in New Guinea and other parts of Asia. We do not know what the original purpose of these brief lengths of film may have been, but we can see that much of it is at least half a century old, and the primitivism of the moviemaking technique lends anonymous men and women a haunted, there-but-not-there beauty. While Tan may believe that she is showing us the victims of colonial oppression, this archival footage has its own kind of subversive richness. These New Guinea natives, dressed in loincloths and little else, are certainly following the orders of some director or cameraman, but the film-makers' actual intentions remain murky, so that what we are left with is the modest yet vivid presence of particular people; embalmed in old celluloid, they become wistful victors.

Perhaps the most impressive work in "Strangers" is Zwelethu Mthethwa's "Flex." Filmed in black and white, this series of close-ups of African men, mostly of their faces, has a boldness that recalls avant-garde silent films or the photographs of Renger-Patzsch. Mthethwa, who is South African, moves in close. He films heads right-side up and upside down, and he revels in the beautiful symmetry of eyes and nose and in the surprising form of an open mouth. He uses the energetic physicality of his images to build an erotic abstraction.

If there is a single characteristic that all the best photographic work has in common, it is a certain plainness, a directness of address that does not in any way preclude the possibility of voluptuousness or complexity or ambiguity. *Aaron Siskind 100* (powerHouse), an opulent album published to celebrate the centenary of the photographer's birth, contains only a brief page of text, a credo that Siskind wrote in 1950, but there is eloquence in these few sentences. "The business of making a photograph," Siskind observes, "may be said in simple terms to consist of three elements: the objective world (whose permanent condition is change and disorder), the sheet of paper on which the picture will be realized, and the experience which brings them together." This experience, Siskind continues, "may be described as one of total absorption in the object." Siskind's best-known photographs are abstractions in which close-ups of scruffy, urban surfaces are turned into boldfaced enigmas, and the lingering power of this spare imagery has everything to do with the extent to which the unnaturalness of Siskind's compositions draws on the naturalness of visual experience. In the 1930s, Siskind had been

ROSEANNE BACKSTEDT



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involved in documentary photography, recording the fluid street life of Harlem, and his move from social observation to mandarin abstraction, which follows an inward-turning path characteristic of mid-twentieth-century American art, sustains a concern with factuality, so that there is something in the man's cool, elegantly direct temperament that unites all his work, early and late.

I believe that there is such a thing as a photographic temperament or personality, and that its salient trait is a respect for the given situation, whatever that may be. Siskind respects givenness, but then so does Lewis Hine. When the work of a photographer holds us, there is always an ease about observing the world, a steadiness that has nothing to do with complacency, and you can find this in work that is joyous or grim, maximalist or minimalist. The best photographers are phlegmatic personalities with a visionary spark. At "The Dawn of Photography" we are confronted with the very beginnings of this photographic directness, and it has a richness that suggests the mysterious, peremptory completeness of some mythic Golden Age. You might say that the entire history of photography is a meditation on the dawn of photography, for photographers, at least the ones who matter, are always looking for the plainness or the directness that stares out at us from those first daguerreotypes.

The plainness of Stieglitz's *Equivalents*, those photographs of cloud-swept skies, is infused with an awareness of the metaphoric possibilities that Kandinsky wrote about in *Concerning the Spiritual in Art*. And if there is a plainness to the best photographs of artistic and social personalities—to the strongest work of Beaton and Avedon and Penn and, more recently, Bruce Weber's photographs of Sam Shepard, which define a new kind of theatrical chic—it is the plainness of the all-knowing observer, of the observer who hasn't missed a moment of the big city's razzle-dazzle. You will not find this essential plainness in Diane Arbus's work, which instead offers us an impersonation of plainness that violates the very essence of photography. That such violations are commonplace is not especially surprising when we consider how difficult it is to achieve the not-so-simple simplicity that confronts us at every turn in the Metropolitan Museum of Art's unforgettable exploration of this demanding art. ■

Martha C. Nussbaum
Dr. True Self

WINNICOTT: LIFE AND WORK
By F. Robert Rodman
(Perseus, 459 pp., $30)

I.

UNLIKE FREUD, DONALD Winnicott is not a cultural icon, read in Great Books courses, revered and reviled. Unlike Jacques Lacan, he is not an intellectual cult figure, with a band of zealous disciples and an impenetrable jargon. There is no school of Winnicott; there are no courses in his methods. All this is as he wished it. Nobody was more skeptical of cults and the rigidities that they induced. All his life Winnicott was obsessed with the freedom of the individual self to exist defiantly, resisting parental and cultural demands, to be there without saying a word if silence was its choice. In his own writings he spoke with a voice that was determinedly his own, surprisingly personal, idiosyncratic, playful, and at the same time ordinary. One could not extract a jargon from it if one tried, and one cannot talk about his theoretical ideas without confronting live, complex human beings. That, perhaps, is why he has never had a secure home in the academy, which is so enamored of beautiful scientific or pseudo-scientific structures, and so often fearful of real people and the demands that their complexity imposes. And for these same reasons Winnicott has had an enormous influence on the practice of psychoanalysis, particularly in America.

When Winnicott burst onto the London psychoanalytic scene, an odd rumpled man exploding with ideas—he was like a Catherine wheel shooting off sparks, a colleague remarked—analysts still saw human emotions mainly in terms of Freud's account of primitive instinctual drives, with sexual gratification as their goal. Melanie Klein was already making her important contribution to Freudian theory by insisting on the crucial importance of the earliest stages of life; but she clung to Freud's hedonic theory, seeing the infant's search as aimed at pleasure, which she, apparently along with Freud, understood to be a single undifferentiated experience. (Winnicott's great contemporary, the Scottish analyst W. R. D. Fairbairn, once wrote that Klein could have avoided this error by reading John Stuart Mill.) And she insisted that the infant's psychic drama was played out inside its own subjective space, with figures that were the demonic projections of its own inchoate sense of parts of reality. The actual environment and its people were of no interest to her.

Winnicott learned much from Klein, with whom he had a close if uneven friendship. He absorbed from her the importance of the young child's fantasy life, to which, as a practitioner, he had remarkable empathetic access. (The analysis of a little girl published under the title of *The Piggle* is one of the great examples in English literature of an adult entering the wild conflict-ridden world of a young child.) But he insisted that the infant seeks from the start complex forms of relationship and reciprocity, not simply its own pleasure. And also that the infant's development cannot be understood without looking at its real surroundings—at the objects, responsive or nonresponsive, that either create a "facilitating environment" for emotional growth or cause the self to hide, its place taken by a rigid mechanical surrogate. Thus, Winnicott famously said, "there is no such thing as a baby" on its own: we are always dealing with a "nursing couple." If psychoanalysis in America has largely become a theory of emotional nurture and exchange rather than one of hedonic satisfaction, it is thanks to Winnicott.

Winnicott also situated psychoanalysis far more accurately than had many of its other practitioners, seeing it as an imaginative humanistic endeavor, akin both to poetry and to love, rather than as an exact science with unvarying rules. To fellow analyst Harry Guntrip, who was his patient, he remarked that "we differ

Martha C. Nussbaum's new book, HIDING FROM HUMANITY: DISGUST, SHAME, AND THE LAW, *will be published next year by Princeton University Press.*

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from Freud who was for curing symptoms. We're concerned with living persons, whole living and loving." (This somewhat unfair treatment of Freud shows the aggressive side of the gentle analyst's personality.) As for the goal of the process, it was not simply the removal of symptoms; it was also the ability to play, to be creative. "We are poor indeed," he said, "if we are only sane."

As F. Robert Rodman's fine biography makes plain, these insights grew out of a very troubled early life, followed by a successful and reasonably happy adulthood, though marred by cardiac illness, conflict with other members of the psychoanalytic community, and a series of questionable ethical judgments. Rodman, a practicing analyst, has edited Winnicott's correspondence, and this biography began as a quasi-official work co-authored with a member of the Winnicott Trust. He had the cooperation of Winnicott's widow, Clare Britton, who died in 1984, as well as numerous friends and associates. On his co-author's death in 1991, Rodman assumed the task on his own. This seems fortunate, for Rodman, though deeply sympathetic to both the man and his ideas, is free to express strong criticisms of Winnicott's ethical lapses, seeing him as "a person in conflict who expressed his genius, and also went awry, in manifold ways." With this combination of empathy and freedom, Rodman presents as balanced and insightful a portrait of the genesis of Winnicott's ideas as we are likely to have.

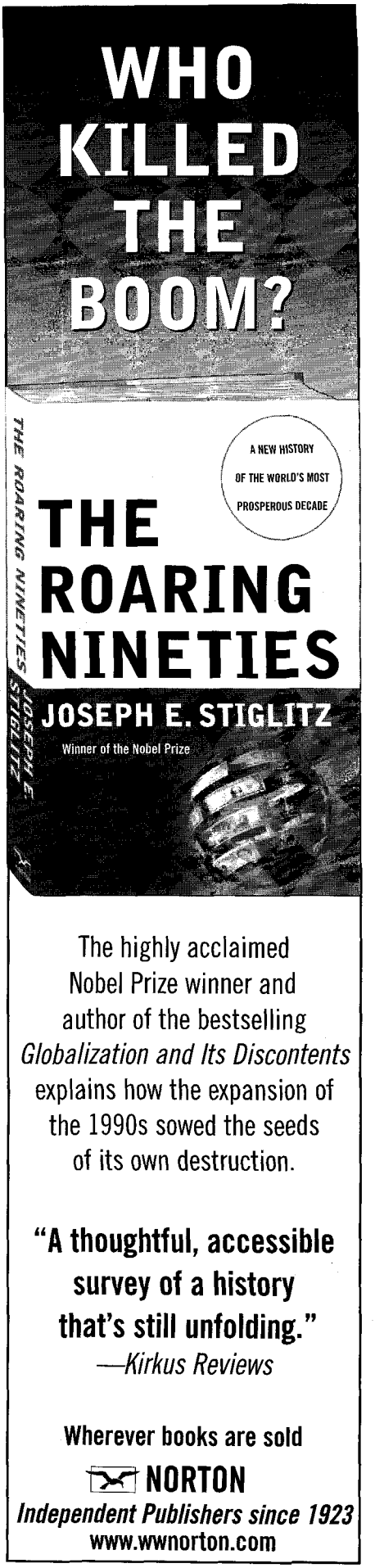
II.

DONALD WINNICOTT WAS BORN in 1896, in the west of England, to a prosperous middle-class Methodist family. According to a memoir written by his widow, his childhood was on the whole happy, but Rodman now makes it clear that matters were more complicated. Winnicott's father, a rigid man who never appears in photos without perfectly waxed moustaches, evidently imposed strict standards of behavior. The young Donald loved to play with a beautiful female wax doll, and his father so teased him about this non-male behavior that the little boy smashed his beloved toy. Shortly thereafter (Winnicott's widow reports in a fragmentary memoir) Donald decided, looking at himself in the mirror, that he was "too nice," and started to behave aggressively. One day his father heard him say "Drat!" and immediately sent him off to boarding school. If much of his life and thought was devoted to nonconformity and protection of the "true self" from invasion by the forces of conformity (including gender conformity, a topic that fascinated him), this is surely the outgrowth of his father's intrusiveness and the pain that it inflicted. In a late essay on the self, which he describes as "a protest from the core of me," Winnicott remarks that "rape, and being eaten by cannibals, these are mere bagatelles as compared with the violation of the self's core.... For me this would be the sin against the self."

In contrast with his father, Winnicott's mother is a shadowy figure. People who recall the family say little about her. But Rodman pieces the fragments together convincingly, arguing that Bessie was depressed and frightened of her sexuality. Winnicott once told a close friend that his mother weaned him early because she disliked the pleasurable feelings of nursing. Late in life, in a poem called "The Tree" (partly about Christ's suffering), he described the pain of having to keep his mother alive:

> Thus I knew her
>
> Once, stretched out on her lap
> as now on a dead tree
> I learned to make her smile
> to stem her tears
> to undo her guilt
> to cure her inward death
>
> To enliven her was my living

Here was another invasion of the self, which clearly involved forbidding himself both aggressive and sexual feelings. Not surprisingly, as far as we know, no member of Winnicott's family had a healthy sexual life. His two sisters, very attractive women, never married. Donald chose as his first wife a mentally disturbed woman, Alice Taylor, who rarely bathed and who used to commune with the spirit of T. E. Lawrence through her parrot. The marriage lasted for twenty-six years but was never consummated. Sexual impotence was a major theme in Winnicott's early life; he later connected the ability to enjoy sex fully with the idea of giving oneself permission to be aggressive. Several close associates link the strain of caring for his increasingly dotty wife with a series of heart attacks that made his health increasingly fragile.


WHO KILLED THE BOOM?
THE ROARING NINETIES
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After service on a destroyer during World War I (he spent much of his time reading Henry James), Winnicott took a medical degree at Cambridge and went into pediatrics. His interest in children had been strong for years. In a letter home from Cambridge he describes his delight in arranging theatrical games for the local Boy Scouts: it was "such a revelation of the powers of the imagination of the boys that I shall never forget that day.... Each one was absolutely different from the others, and half the charm lay there." Winnicott once estimated that during his career he had treated sixty thousand children. His rich experience gave psychoanalysis a new—and characteristically British—empirical dimension.

At the same time, no doubt owing to his own personal problems, his interest in psychoanalysis was already strong. While seeing pediatric patients, he went into training analysis with James Strachey (who wrote inappropriately gossipy letters speculating on whether "Mr. W" would "fuck his wife all of a sudden"). He graduated from the British Institute for Psychoanalysis in 1935 and began analysis with the Kleinian Joan Riviere. Here begins Winnicott's lifelong involvement with Klein's ideas, and with Klein herself. Chosen by Klein in 1935 to analyze her son Eric, Winnicott was drawn deeply into the Kleinian circle, where he never felt completely at home. Rodman depicts well the conflict between the Kleinians, so intent on theoretical purity and so insistent on orthodoxy, and Winnicott, who had a deep need to rebel and to go his own way.

Winnicott's friendship with Klein continued strong until her death, but increasingly, in letters to her, he urges her to watch out for her school, and to realize that theoretical closure and analytical perfection are inappropriate goals. Meanwhile, in a series of papers that won increasing attention, he was challenging the foundations of her theoretical approach, insisting on the importance of the real-life mother's actual behavior and of living human interaction. After Klein's death, and to some extent before it, her school treated Winnicott coldly. (Here Rodman may be too quick to impute blame to the Kleinians. They were a doctrinaire lot, but he needed to feel that he was in rebellion against conformity-demanding enemies. It seems unclear how much of the persecution that he felt was in fact genuine.)

Working with evacuated children during World War II, he met the social worker Clare Britton. In 1944 the two began an affair that led, in 1949, to the dissolution of his marriage to Alice (he waited until his father died before taking this step) and to a long and extremely happy marriage that lasted until his death in 1971. Plainly they did have a successful sexual relationship, and they shared a love of humor, music, and poetry. Clare was utterly different from Alice: "beefsteak," as one friend said, rather than "elderflour fritters." The couple indulged in elaborate jokes and wrote silly poems to each other during boring moments in conferences (including a lovely scatological putdown of the racist politician Enoch Powell). Another friend called them "two crazy people who delighted each other and delighted their friends." Asked whether they ever quarreled, the elderly Clare recalled that "in fact the question of hurting each other did not arise because we were operating in the play area where everything is permitted." Sometimes Winnicott would wake up in the night and say: "I'm potty about you, do you know that?"

Clare, a tough woman and a very successful worker with needy children (she eventually received the Order of the British Empire), seems also to have had a remarkable capacity for unanxiously "holding" Donald's mercurial temper, his vicissitudes, his health difficulties. After he had experienced an especially serious cardio-pulmonary illness, she found him up in a tree outside their home, sawing off a limb. Her first impulse was to get him down, to make him rest. But then: "I thought, 'No, it's his life and he's got to live it. If he *dies* after this, he dies.' But that was him. He wanted to *live*." At the opening of an autobiography that he was just beginning at the time of his death, he writes, "Prayer: Oh, God, may I be alive when I die." "And he was, really," Clare concludes.

As Winnicott's success increased, so did his confidence in his own judgment. The dark side of Rodman's story is that this confidence led to increasingly serious errors of judgment. We may already detect moral lapses in his collusion with Klein to conceal from her son the fact that his mother and his analyst were corresponding. Many such lapses follow. He analyzed Marion Milner, a close friend who was probably in love with him. He analyzed a patient who was at the time a tenant in the Winnicott house. He encouraged Clare to take up analysis with Klein while he was himself in close contact with her. He socialized with patients. In general he seems to have had little awareness of appropriate boundaries.

MOST SERIOUS, HOWEVER, WAS Winnicott's long analysis of and friendship with Masud Khan. A wealthy Pakistani émigré and self-styled prince, Khan has gradually been revealed as one of the most unprincipled and destructive analysts who ever practiced. He had affairs with some patients, and socialized with others in a show-offy way; he subjected patients to insult and humiliation; he used the therapeutic setting as a frame for his pathological self-aggrandizement, his obsessive tales of how he got the better of people. All this time he was in analysis with Winnicott, and Winnicott steadily supported him, first advancing his candidacy in the Institute, then supporting his continuation there. Rodman deals with this scandal tactfully and rather briefly, but he makes no secret of the serious issues that it raises about Winnicott's ethical judgment. Khan was the son that Winnicott never had; clearly he was very devoted, although Clare managed to keep him at a distance and prevented him from becoming the editor of Winnicott's papers.

Although Winnicott did not want or need a "school," he did need someone to support his ideas and to share their genesis. But he made an egregiously bad choice, and he stuck with it in the presence of the mounting evidence of Khan's disgraceful conduct. Noting the evident high degree of "ongoing excitement and mutual self-indulgence" in the relationship, Rodman suggests that there was a sexual component, although it seems unlikely that this element was acknowledged. Khan's patient Wynne Godley, whose account of his analysis is a key document in the unmasking of Khan, reports that Khan took phone calls from Winnicott during his sessions; once they spent his time joking about fellatio.

On a trip to New York in 1969, Winnicott suffered a particularly serious cardiac crisis after a bout of the flu. Identifying himself with Cathy in *Wuthering Heights*, he wrote that he longed to come home before dying. He lived for another year, but in a weakened condition. During this period, amazingly, Winnicott continued to see patients; he wrote and delivered new papers, broaching significant new themes, such as the importance of

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recognizing the social rigidity of gender norms and the mixture of genders in all human beings.

Most impressively, he continued to correspond generously with strangers. Rodman himself, a young analyst just out of the army, received a four-page commentary on his first article. A troubled man from Oklahoma, writing to Winnicott out of the blue, got a helpful three-page letter about the roots of aggression. The analyst Alan Stone, who met him at this time (and found Winnicott unable to walk without stopping), reported that

> he held me in the center of his attention (or so it seemed to me) in a way that I have never experienced with any other human being. It was not that he made constant eye contact, or that he interjected the traditional psychoanalytic hum of empathy, or that he was selflessly accepting. As we walked he spoke of his own ideas, he reacted and responded with dignity and originality, yet all the time I felt recognized and encouraged—I was in a "facilitating environment."

Not all of Winnicott's correspondence was good-natured. To an analyst enamored of simplistic biological explanations of human phenomena, he wrote: "There seems to be no playing in what you write, and therefore a lack of creativity. Perhaps you reserve your creativity for some other area of your life, in friendships for instance, or in painting, I don't know."

He died in January 1971, after watching an old movie comedy on television.

VII

WINNICOTT'S MAIN IDEAS emerged gradually over time, in a series of papers rich in clinical content. He never wrote a tidy summary of them, and it belies the nature of his thought to attempt such a summary. Still, one can at least sketch the narrative of infancy and childhood as he saw it, being careful to remember that, for Winnicott, particularity is everything and that, as Rodman emphasizes, he is the heir as much of Wordsworth and Emily Brontë as of Freud and Klein.

While Freud saw human beings as driven by powerful instincts that need to be tamed if morality and culture are to be possible, Winnicott had confidence in the unfolding of the developmental process, which would produce moral awareness as an outgrowth of early struggles if things went well enough. He believed (against his own experience, perhaps) that development usually goes well, and that mothers are usually "good enough." Mothers are preoccupied with their infants early on, and attend to their needs well, enabling the self to develop gradually and eventually to express itself.

At first the infant cannot grasp the mother as a definite object, and thus cannot have full-fledged emotions. Its world is symbiotic and basically narcissistic. Gradually, however, the infant develops the capacity to be alone—aided by its "transitional objects," a famous phrase invented by Winnicott for the blankets and stuffed animals that enable children to comfort themselves when the mother is absent. (He loved Charles Schulz and wondered whether Linus's blanket reflected the influence of his ideas.) Eventually the child usually develops the ability to "play alone in the presence of its mother," a key sign of growing confidence in the developing self. At this point, the child begins to be able to relate to the mother as a whole person rather than as an extension of its own needs. (Winnicott always spoke of mothers, and Rodman makes one of his strongest criticisms at this point: he seems to have had a blind spot for the role of the father until close to the end of his life. At the same time, he did increasingly stress that "mother" is a role rather than a biological category, that real mothers have aspects of both genders, and that analysts typically play a quasi-maternal role.)

Like Klein, Winnicott thought that this stage typically led to a painful emotional crisis. For the child now understands that the very same person whom it loves and embraces is the person against whom it has directed aggressive and angry wishes (when needs are not met automatically). But instead of Klein's somewhat forbidding concept of "the depressive position," Winnicott articulates this insight in terms of the concept of the developing "capacity for concern," showing how genuinely moral feeling bootstraps itself into existence out of the child's very love of its mother and the awareness that its aggression has projected harm. He thus was able to see morality as operating in tandem with love, rather than as a forbidding set of quasi-paternal demands. He stressed the crucial role of the imagination in coming to grips with this crisis: the child develops the capacity to imagine its mother's feelings, and thus becomes capable of generous and reparative acts.

Throughout this development, it is crucial that the mother should provide the child with a "facilitating environment" that allows it to express itself, even its destructiveness and hate, without getting the message that the mother will thereby be destroyed. Remarkably, mothers usually accept their children's hate and are not destroyed. (This ability was also an essential part of the good analyst's equipment, as he saw it. After Harry Guntrip talked at him aggressively for half an hour in a session, Winnicott said, "You see, you talked very hard at me, and I am not destroyed.") Most of the time this process goes reasonably well. It will go awry if the mother is too fearful or depressed (like Winnicott's mother), or if she too rigidly demands conformity and perfection in herself and in her child (like Winnicott's father).

One marvelous document concerning the latter sort of failure is Winnicott's analysis of a young male medical student, known as B, published in the volume *Holding and Interpretation*. (Rodman dislikes this case, but I have always found it especially rich.) Married to a man whom she saw as demanding perfection in everything, B's mother wanted to be a perfect mother and, hence, to have a perfect baby. This meant that she did not want her baby to be a real baby, needy, messy, crying. B got the message that his own needs were inappropriate and that the only way to achieve anything was to be quiet and "good." Nor could he, like most young children, gradually develop the capacity to release his mother from her need to be perfect by attending to her as an imperfect human being. This suppression of himself led to rigidity and emotional paralysis in later life. A competent intellectual "False Self"

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had developed capacities to cope with the world, but the needy childlike "True Self" had gone underground and remained at an infantile level, rather than gradually developing capacities to relate emotionally and to express itself in the world. B could have sex, but only with a woman whom he saw as an undifferentiated object, predictable as a masturbatory fantasy; he could not remember people's individuating features. "I feel that you are introducing a big problem," B says to Winnicott. "I never became human. I have missed it."

In the analysis itself, the patient repeatedly expects perfection from Winnicott, and is terrified by the space created by the analyst's own evident human imperfection. "The alarming thing about equality," he remarkably observes, "is that we are then both children and the question is, where is father? We know where we are if one of us is the father." Winnicott points out that in a good personal relationship there is an element of "subtle interplay" that pre-supposes an acceptance of human imperfection. Love means many things, "but it has to include this experience of subtle interplay, and we could say that you are experiencing love and loving in this situation." We might say (if oversimply) that for Freud, our cultural and personal problem is how to transcend the human. For Winnicott, it is how to bear the exposure of being imperfectly human. Play, art, and love come powerfully to our aid, but there remains "the inherent difficulty in regard to human contact with external reality."

WINNICOTT'S THEORETICAL writings emphasize empathy, imagination, and the highly particular transactions that constitute love between two imperfect people. One might have arrived at these ideas without being able to translate them into analytic practice. According to Harry Guntrip, who was analyzed by Fairbairn and then by Winnicott, Fairbairn had this problem. His theories spoke of the importance of a "personal relationship of genuine understanding" between therapist and patient, and when he discussed his ideas outside the office the two men communicated well. In the analytic setting, however, Fairbairn became rigid and formal, imposing theory-based interpretations rather than seeking out the core of the person. Winnicott was entirely different. He quickly attained a more satisfactory insight into Guntrip's idiosyncratic emotional history, because he did not insist on seeing everything in terms of a preestablished theoretical construct. And he was able to create for the sixty-year-old analyst, a man of personal courage and powerful intellect, a "holding environment," so that Guntrip's need for constant activity and talk ceased, and he could enjoy simply being himself. "I could let my tension go and develop and relax because you were present in my inner world," he wrote in his journal.

A pediatrician first and always, with adults or with children, Winnicott was always willing to play, to respond to the moment, to surprise, to adopt unconventional methods if they seemed right. (All too often, he wrote, the patient brings his False Self into analysis and the analyst addresses himself to that, because it is easy to talk to a False Self.) Sometimes he sat on the floor; sometimes he offered a cup of tea; sometimes he held a hand. Sometimes sessions were daily and sometimes months apart. In the case of "the Piggle," a little girl named Gabrielle who was two and a half when she began to see Winnicott and five when she finished, we have Winnicott's own detailed notes of every session. The sessions were held on demand by the child, often months apart, and sometimes included participation by the parents (sophisticated and analytically aware) as well as letters and phone calls from them.

This remarkable document shows us many things about Winnicott as therapist, but nothing more than his utter respect for the child's world of objects. Almost his first remark, in notes of the first session, is: "Already I had made friends with the teddy-bear who was sitting on the floor by the desk." And throughout the analysis, we sense that Winnicott's poetic capacity, his willingness not to be "only sane," enables a degree of entry rare for any adult into the unhappy child's world, with its "black mommy," its "Sush baby," and the terrifying "babacar." "To say that he understood children would to me sound false and vaguely patronizing," said one obituarist. "It was rather that children understood him." Such was his respect for his young patient that he refused to get ahead of her. "Importance of my not *understanding* what she had not yet been able to give me clues for," he writes.

But understanding was not the whole of it. As both the Guntrip analysis and the treatment of Gabrielle show, he also made both children and adults feel the presence of a good mother, before whom they were free to emerge. Rodman suggests that these great gifts were not unconnected to Winnicott's ethical failures. He sometimes felt, apparently, that he had moved beyond the need to consider normal ethical rules. Since he could on occasion defy convention with brilliant success, he trusted his own idiosyncratic judgment too far.

ONE CAN FIND MUCH TO CRITicize in Winnicott's ideas, as well as in his practical judgment. His account of the role of the father is grossly deficient, perhaps as a result of the fact that he never completely worked out his intuitive ideas about the malleability of gender and the relationship between rigid gender norms and the False Self. His ideas about the True Self sometimes verge on an excessive romanticism, as when he suggests that any communication with the outside world involves a deformation of a True Self, which is fundamentally incommunicado. At other times he more plausibly suggests that the True Self, if all goes well, will develop capacities for communication and reciprocity. But the mark of his childhood remained, and he repeatedly stressed (excessively, to my mind) the artificiality of the social, the radically asocial nature of all that is authentic. (Here he really is Brontë's heir.)

I am also unconvinced by Winnicott's constant connection between self-assertion and "hate," a word that he used too loosely. A person who has been repressed by demands for conformity might indeed hate those demands, and might feel the assertion of the self as a form of aggression; and such, clearly, was Winnicott's personal situation. But in the more benign case in which the capacity for concern and social interaction develops in partnership with love, self-assertion (and the sexuality that he linked to it) may take a wider range of forms. Winnicott implicitly acknowledges this, in his insightful remarks about art, culture, and play, but these notions remain inconsistently integrated into his writings.

These are trivial matters, though, in comparison with the rich re-orientation that Winnicott gave to the theory and the practice of analysis. He was a poet among theoreticians, as he was a compassionate doctor among analysts. If one can derive many related insights from the reading of his favorite authors, such as Shakespeare, Wordsworth, and Henry

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James, he was able to formulate these insights into guidelines for the therapeutic treatment of unhappy people, giving psychoanalysis a hopeful face, one that emphasized people's capacities for love and society's capacity for "holding" diversity, play, and freedom.

Indeed, one may learn many things about contemporary political life by posing systematically the question of what it would be like for society to become, in Winnicott's sense, a "facilitating environment" for its citizens. In thinking this idea through, one would come upon an enriched conception of the meaning of liberal "individualism": not selfishness, but the ability to grow and to express oneself; not solitary self-sufficiency, but "subtle interplay"; not the transcendence of human passions, but the secure "holding" of human need and imperfection.

In the end, the really important thing for Winnicott the theorist was the genuine flourishing of each person, and the same was true of Winnicott the doctor. At the end of his analysis of Gabrielle, as the five-year-old prepares to leave him, he remarks, "So the Winnicott you invented was all yours and he's now finished with, and no one else can ever have him." The two sit together, reading an animal book. Then he tells her, "I know when you are really shy, and that is when you want to tell me that you love me." And he records: "She was very positive in her gesture of assent." ■

Deborah Friedell

Tap Tap Tap

QUICKSILVER
By Neal Stephenson
(William Morrow, 927 pp., $27.95)

"I DON'T READ A LOT OF FICTION," Neal Stephenson has boasted to *The Onion*. "I read a lot of technical stuff." Stephenson's new novel is evidence that a fiction writer who avoids other people's fiction might not be entirely lacking in advantages. For one thing, it is a surefire way to prevent an anxiety-of-influence attack. Whatever its faults, *Quicksilver* does not count literary derivativeness among them. And the time Stephenson has not squandered on reading seems to have been efficiently channeled into typing. At 918 pages, his best-seller *Cryptonomicon*, which appeared in 1999, was three times the size of many contemporary novels, and now he has produced the even longer *Quicksilver*—the first novel of a projected three-thousand-page "Baroque Trilogy," with the second and third installments scheduled for publication within a year.

There may be another, perhaps even more tempting, motive behind Stephenson's failure to declare an early and abiding love of Proust. Perhaps he believes that a writer who draws his prose solely from observation and information-gathering is a less tainted and more faithful commentator on the human lot than those who have spent much of their lives having the world mediated for them by art. Such a writer can claim to be, in some wildly strict sense, realistic; and he will certainly be unique, even a prodigy. But the truth is that such a writer is a freak. For the literary tradition is not an embarrassment to writing; it is, along with the quality of his or her spirit, a writer's greatest asset, a gift as a much as a burden.

Stephenson is decidedly not a prodigy; but his babe-in-the-woods routine has proved irresistible for some, who are hailing his seemingly innate ability to meld the products of exhaustive historical research with what they see as a brilliant, idiosyncratic sense of humor and adventure. *Time*'s critic has declared that Stephenson has a "once-in-a-generation gift," and that *Quicksilver* "will defy any category, genre, precedent or label—except for genius." This is promotional copy disguised as literary criticism. There is nothing category-defying about this ridiculous book.

Although *Quicksilver* has moments where it diverges into fantasy and science fiction, most of the novel is easily categorized as historical fiction. Its subject is one Daniel Waterhouse, a curious but far from brilliant scientist, whom Stephenson plops Forrest Gump–like into a Who's Who of early modern English thought. The novel begins in 1713, with the apparently amaranthine Enoch Root (a mysterious figure who appears also in the twentieth-century world of *Cryptonomicon*) convincing our hero to leave his home in Massachusetts Bay so as to end the discord of England's scientists over who first invented calculus. Newton discovered it first, but Leibniz published it first, and it is up to Daniel Waterhouse to patch these momentous things up.

Will he succeed where history failed? That may be fodder for Stephenson's next tome. This one takes us back, through Waterhouse's flashbacks of his youth, to a catalogue of great events in seventeenth-century England—the great fire, the plague, the era's ongoing political and ecclesiastical struggles for ascendancy—as they intruded upon the experiences of Waterhouse. We also meet the heroine, Eliza, a "beautiful, saucy young blonde," who lets us know at several points that although she escaped from a Turkish harem with her virginity intact, she is nevertheless quite skilled at "using all the most ancient and sophisticated practices of the Oriental world to slowly drive [her partner] into frenzied, sweaty, screaming transports," because she did her "practicing on women." This is the sort of character that makes one suspect that the greatest influences upon Stephenson's work have been comic books and cartoons.

Mainly we observe the goings-on of what becomes London's Royal Society, an organization dedicated to spreading the good tidings of the "New Philosophy"—a method of inquiry that would subject everything in the known world, from human language to optics and the heavens, to empirical study. Stephenson is adept at conveying the Royal Society's intellectual vigor, its sense that all was open to study and to debate, that the world was new and ripe for analysis. But what draws Stephenson to the Royal Society is surely its veneration of fact.

For Stephenson is himself the most vulgar of literary empiricists. His book is nothing but research in search of a narrative, a gigantic collection of index cards. In the spirit of such an enterprise, *Quicksilver* has its own website, and on it (as well as in the acknowledgments for the novel) Stephenson announces his reading about the seventeenth century in bookstores and libraries. He is very vain about his homework. Not a page of this tome goes by without an e.g., an i.e., a re., an et al., an a.k.a., a viz., a dagger, a foot-

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note, a map, or a monarchical family tree.

The novel's characters are forever "reminding" each other of events about which one would presume they would hardly need reminders. (" 'Your side won the Civil War,' Enoch reminds [Benjamin Franklin], 'but later came the Restoration, which was a grievous defeat for your folk, and sent them flocking hither.' ") "You see" punctuates the narrative, as does "recited like a bored scholar," "like a dutiful university student," "it is more correct to say," "as you know," "as you must know," "as you may know," "as you know perfectly well." Characters are forever making mistakes, forgetting names ("with that young fellow, what's-his-name") and dates, so that others may readily supply them ("No, no, James I died half a century ago"). Here is a typical exchange:

> "He'd been pestering me with letters.... He'd been doing it for years—ever since sending letters had become possible again."
>
> "What made it possible?"
>
> "In my neck of the woods—for I was living in the town of Saxony, called Leipzig—the peace of Westphalia did."
>
> "1648!" Ben says donnishly to the younger boy. "The end of the Thirty Years' War."
>
> "At his end," Enoch continues, "it was the removal of the King's head from the rest of the King, which settled the Civil War and brought a kind of peace to England."
>
> "1649," Godfrey murmurs before Ben can get it out....
>
> "But what was the first thing that Cromwell did after winning the Civil War?"
>
> "Granted all men, even Jews, the right to worship wheresoever they pleased," says Godfrey, as if reciting a catechism.
>
> "Well, naturally—that was the whole point, wasn't it? But other than that—?"
>
> "Killed a great many Irishmen," Ben tries.
>
> "True, too true—but it's not the answer I was looking for. The answer is: the Navigation Act."

Interwoven throughout the dialogue lies the defensiveness of the narrative: Stephenson seems to know, however guiltily, that nobody speaks this way. And so a young Benjamin Franklin has his words tagged with "says donnishly," his friend Godfrey's with "as if reciting a catechism"—as if such distancing devices will in any way overcome the reader's impression that what she is reading is a record of last night's research. Stephenson's book is based on a huge confusion of didacticism with realism, which occurs on nearly every page. And the defensiveness of the narrator ultimately infects the consciousness of the novel's characters—not ironically, but clumsily.

> "Why'd the Papists hate this country so much?" Eliza inquired. "Mummy told me there are many Protestant lands."
>
> "It is not the sort of thing I would bother to know about, as a rule," Jack said, "but, as it happens, I've just come from an almost equally ruined land where every peasant knows the tale, and won't leave off telling it. That country is called the Palatinate and its lords, for a few generations anyway, were Protestant heroes. One of those lords married an English girl, name of Elizabeth—the sister of Chuck the First."
>
> "Charles the First—isn't he the one who ran afoul of Cromwell, and got his head chopped off in Charing Cross?"
>
> "The same—and his sister fared little better, as you'll soon see. Because right here in Bohemia, some Protestants got weary of being ruled by Papists, and threw several of 'em out a castle window into a dung-heap, and declared this country free of Popery. But unlike the Dutchmen, who have little use for royalty, these Bohemians couldn't imagine having a country without monarchs. As Protestant monarchs were in short supply hereabouts, they invited Elizabeth and this Palatine fellow to come here and rule them. Which they did—for a single winter. Then...."

Stephenson does seem to want to keep his people consistent. Jack, a vagabond, should know little of European history, and so he must offer the awkward "It is not the sort of thing I would bother to know about, as a rule." But a writer who cares about keeping it real cannot have it both ways. Either Jack is the sort of person who knows about the marriage between Elizabeth Stuart and the Elector Palatine, Frederick V, or he is not. Either Eliza is ignorant of Charles I or she knows very well that he is indeed "the one who ran afoul of Cromwell, and got his head chopped off in Charing Cross." That Jack calls Charles I "Chuck" does not render his speech plausible, any more than Eliza can be made both knowing and ignorant with a prefatory "Isn't he the one who ...?"

What is remarkable about Jack and Eliza's exchange is its shallowness, its superfluity. (The same may be said of the whole book.) Stephenson does not seem to know what to do with his characters except to have them exchange facts. In the book's appendix, Stephenson provides a

After Homer, When a Sea Is Breathed

All the old stories begin only
to end with water.
In between, bodies formed by
circumstance, by inclination,
go about the daily commerce.
It is the commerce of a city street
where an entire population will
stop breathing when
a boy with wild, wild hair
runs from door to door, crying
"Is he gone? Have they taken him?"
The most fluid action he will
undertake brings him closest to
his return, to that beginning.
To hope dinner will be
warm when he finds
home is only to hope
that a house keeps itself
going. In his absence,
those small articles that remain are
his to keep as personal artifacts,
to remind him how he wasn't
always lost at night
when a foreign sea is breathed
back to these coasts, expelled from
inside a transfigured god.
What prophecy sends gulls
inland to our doors to rap
a memory's knock? It is
the memory of water, of
a kind of beginning, one
that alerts us to a kind of
dream, one that begins with
the man in the green suit
floating effortlessly before
the closed red doors of a boathouse.

ANTHONY LACAVARO

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dramatis personae listing more than a hundred names. It is a dire necessity in a book in which it is simply impossible to tell characters apart. Any number of these people could exclaim, "He must still be representing the late Charles II, who was crowned in 1651 after the Puritans chopped off the head of his father and predecessor. My King was crowned in 1654." There is no evidence that Stephenson has given any thought to how a seventeenth-century woman might talk to a seventeenth-century man, about how her understanding of the world might infuse her speech. It is so much easier to get busy with names and dates, in the manner of high school history.

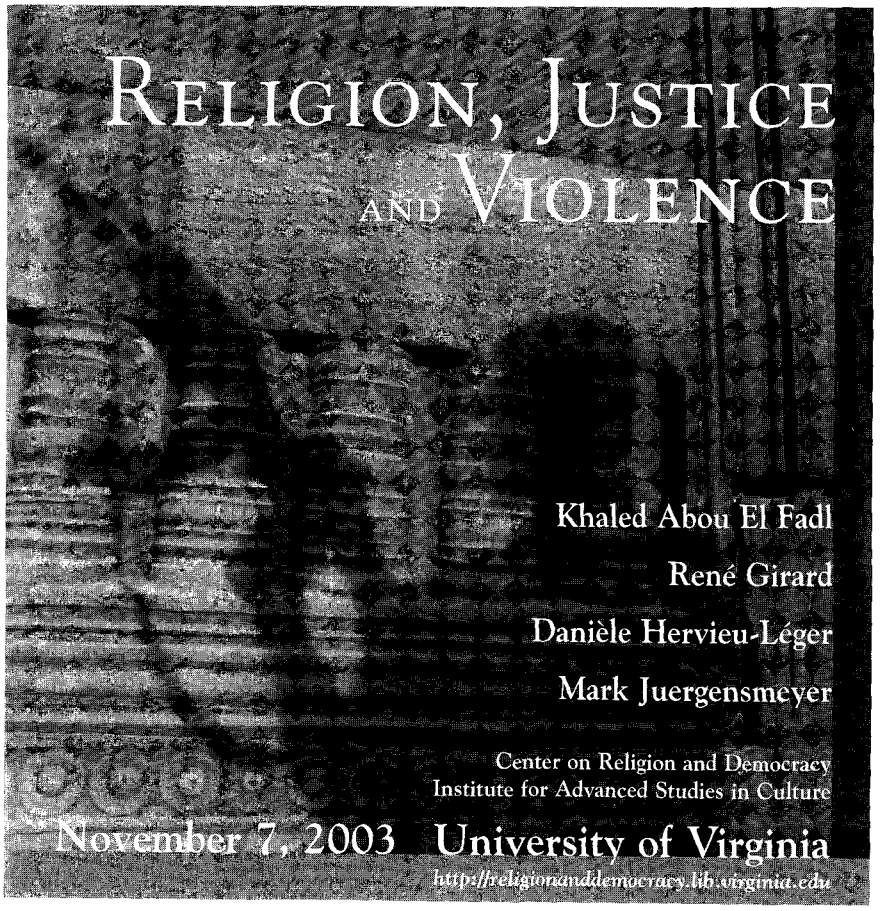
When Stephenson allows humor to creep in among the facts, the joke usually depends on his reader supplying a missing piece. A character drinking tea claims that no "Englishmen will ever take to anything so outlandish." Nudge nudge, wink wink. Another character proleptically echoes Lloyd Bentsen: "I have met the Duke of Monmouth, I have roomed with the Duke of Monmouth, I have been vomited on by the Duke of Monmouth, and I am telling you that the Duke of Monmouth is no Charles II!"

Stephenson seems to have a sense that since he is writing a novel he should occasionally use actual literary techniques, and so he spreads similes around plentifully—and thoughtlessly. A character controls his inventory "like a miser counting his coins." Another hurries like a "prisoner clawing a hole through a wall." Stephenson's imagination becomes vigorous only when it becomes crude: a character has "a look of self-righteous horror on his face, like a vicar who's just surprised an altar boy masturbating in the sacristy."

Although Stephenson does not seem to have met an archaic contraction that he does not like—'twas, 'tween, 'tis, phant'sy, and so on—for the most part his characters speak in twenty-first-century American vernacular. This anachronism is a wise choice for Stephenson, because he has a tin ear. Rightly diffident about his ability to use language to convey emphasis, he is forced to rely on heavy italicizations, on ?! and !?, to do the job. The few attempts to convey seventeenth-century speech that are not simply quotations from original sources are hilariously off the mark. Toward the end of the novel, for example, one character begins addressing all other men as "guv'nor," which would be exasperating in any context, and all the more so here because the word's origins are to be found in the nineteenth century. But more frustrating than Stephenson's anachronisms are his malapropisms. He is in love with the word "nonplussed," which he uses to mean impassive. Like all graphomaniacs, this is not a writer who cares a great deal about words.

When Stephenson tries to add romance to the mix, he is unable to lose his idiot-savant tone, and what results are the most embarrassing sections of the novel. "Monmouth got himself worked round to a less outlandish position, viz. sitting up and gazing soulfully into Eliza's nipples." Into the nipples? There is also an adolescent obsession with men titillated by lesbianism and women made fierce by menstrual tension. (" 'This may fire or it may not,' she said in French. 'You have until I count to ten to decide whether to gamble your life or your immortal soul on it. One ... two ... three ... did I mention I'm on the rag? Four....' ") But these sections are mercifully brief: Stephenson always needs to hurry back to the matter of when and where Charles I was beheaded.

Not even when the characters in *Quicksilver* are by themselves is Stephenson able to provide them with anything resembling inwardness. At one point in the novel, a man is forced to travel by horseback alone. He begins to speak, but what he offers is not a glimpse into his consciousness. Instead he delivers a lecture to his horse: " 'All right, then: all of this land—' (stomping the dune for emphasis) 'was part of Spain—you heard me—Spain! Then these fucking Dutchmen turned Calvinist and revolted, and drove the Spanish away, down south of the Maas and a bunch of other rivers with hard-to-remember names—past Zeeland, anyway—we'll be seeing more than we want to of those rivers soon. Leaving only a wedge of Papist Spain trapped between the Dutch Republic on its north, and France on its south. This Spain-wedge contains Brussels and Antwerp and a large number of battlefields, basically ...' " and so on, until the journey's end. The coarseness does not make the speech any truer: the man is still giving his horse a geography lesson. He does so because, like all the characters in this book, he has nothing significant to say. And the poor reader is abandoned to an intense sensation of solidarity with a bored horse. ■



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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Fresh Faced

In politics, as in romance, looks matter. Fancying themselves deeper than they are, people like to deny this. But the evidence isn't very persuasive. So why hasn't John Edwards, possibly the most heartthrobby man ever to be on a ballot, already been installed in the Oval Office through a popular coup led by packs of giggling young women? Here's the problem: He looks too young to be president.

If you don't believe me, consider a scene captured by a C-SPAN camera tailing Edwards in New Hampshire earlier this year. The fair-haired senator bounded eagerly into a small diner to shake hands and, before long, came upon a huge grizzly bear of a man with a cartoonishly bushy white beard. "I'm John Edwards," he said. Slowly rising from his seat, the man shook Edwards's hand and then announced in a booming voice, "I know. I seen you on television. You don't look old enough to vote! Jeez, what a young guy!" Edwards cringed. "Fifty!" he snapped, jabbing his finger at the man. "I'm almost *fifty*!" As he resumed his hand-shaking, the candidate's winning smile looked more like a wince.

The episode is a microcosm of the flagging Edwards campaign. No matter how much he talks about his law career, his family, or his economic plan, people see Edwards and think he should be sipping a malted after high school basketball practice. Earlier this year, an Associated Press headline announced that Edwards was "battling his boyish image." A recent overview of his campaign in *The New York Times* reported that Edwards "repeatedly, and at times heatedly, dismissed suggestions ... that he looked too young or did not have enough experience to defeat President Bush." But such rebuttals haven't defused the issue. "He looks almost too young to be president," James Vawn, a retired Iowa farmer, told the *Times*. Conscious of this, Edwards's campaign took great care to publicize his fiftieth birthday in June. For many people, turning 50 is an occasion of profound existential meaning. For Edwards, it was an opportunity to say, I *am so* a grownup! Hence, his campaign staged at least four different birthday events over several days.

According to Dr. Leslie Zebrowitz, a professor of psychology at Brandeis University, Edwards is probably cursed by something she calls the "baby-face overgeneralization effect." Her theory holds that adults project childlike traits onto people whose faces share characteristics with those of infants—such as roundness, wide eyes, and small chins. "At all ages, more baby-faced people are seen to have more childlike traits," Zebrowitz told me. "More baby-faced people are seen as physically weaker, more submissive, naïve." Not quite the masculine ideal, needless to say. Along with his delicately sculpted hair, this probably helps explain why Edwards is often teased in feminine terms—as "pretty," for instance, or, most famously, when Bush operatives dubbed him "the Breck girl." On the brighter side, Zebrowitz says, people like Edwards are seen as "more trustworthy, warmer, and more honest." Her research has found that juries are likelier to acquit baby-faced defendants of charges involving criminal intent—though more inclined to convict them in cases of alleged negligence. So, might Edwards's face be an asset after all? Not so fast. Zebrowitz warns that other research specifically indicates that, "in times of social and economic threat, people have a preference for more mature features." Bad news for a Breck girl during all-out war with maniacal terrorists.

But it is surely good news for the Democratic candidate with what Zebrowitz calls the most "mature" face: John Kerry. Not that the Massachusetts senator hasn't blamed his looks for some of his troubles. Kerry often suggests his mug is partly responsible for the sense that he's cold and pretentious. "I've got this angular, sort of Yankeeish-looking face," Kerry told me last year in response to a question about his reputation. Speaking recently to *Vogue* magazine, Kerry again fingered "this craggy, angular face that's too serious sometimes." Lately, he seems to be smiling more, perhaps to brighten up those facial ravines. But, if Zebrowitz is right, Kerry should stop dissing his face and learn to love it.

There is one thing Kerry loves about his appearance, though: his height. At six-foot-four, he lords over a relatively puny primary field. That's meaningful if you consider that the taller candidate has won ten of the 13 presidential elections since World War II (and that's if you call five-foot-eleven-inch George W. Bush the "winner" over six-foot-one-inch Al Gore, who got more votes). Unfortunately for Kerry, however, this rule seems less applicable to primaries. Bill Bradley towered over Gore in vain, and both Michael Dukakis and Jimmy Carter were dwarfed by several rivals. Still, Kerry's aides are confident that height makes right. "John towers over the field, literally and figuratively," boasts his campaign manager, Jim Jordan. "A big man for a big job."

Fortunately for Kerry, his two main rivals, Howard Dean and Wesley Clark, are not tall men. (Edwards is sub–six feet as well.) Don't think they don't know it, either. Chatting with reporters on his campaign jet recently, Dean complained about a *New York Times* story that had described him as "diminutive." Dean first noted that the *Times* reporter, Adam Nagourney, is "about five-three." Then he added, "I don't know that I'm so short." Well, a reporter asked, how tall *are* you? "I'm five-eight," Dean replied. "Almost five-nine." Dean probably should have stopped here, but he didn't. "Five-eight and three-quarters," he continued. "The reason I don't tell anybody about the three-quarters is that it sounds like I'm very sensitive about my height. And *I'm not*." Where would anyone get that impression?

Clark, meanwhile, is described as a man of enormous "stature." But, at five-foot-ten, according to *Esquire* magazine, he's hardly a giant. His inevitable showdown with Kerry over who is the mightiest soldier in the field will be a fine test of the height effect. Unfortunately, these dueling machismos will probably make Edwards appear even more conspicuously boyish. Poor guy. He's one of America's most handsome men, and, yet, like some homely bachelor, he must be wishing people weren't so hung up on looks.

MICHAEL CROWLEY

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[illegible] rates income tax have built [illegible] incentives to work, save, and [illegible] rising incomes are taxed at progressively higher rates, some individuals choose more leisure over additional effort. I have argued that disincentives to work, save, and invest should be removed via a flat tax. But **why not go a step further and improve incentives across the board by creating a degressive tax?** Such an experiment is about to take place in Switzerland.

Residents of Switzerland are subject to personal income taxes levied by the central government and also by the 26 cantons and 2,900 municipalities. As of 2001, all the cantons were required to harmonize the concept of income and most of the deductions and allowances. The cantons and municipalities, however, are free to set the amount of deductions and the tax rates. As a result, individual tax burdens vary by canton and municipality.

Personal income tax rates in Switzerland are progressive. The federal income tax consists of nine brackets. It begins with a zero rate on income up to Swiss francs (SFr) 25,000 ($1 = SFr 1.37). Thereafter graduated rates climb to a maximum of 13.2 percent, after which they fall to a standard rate of 11.5 percent on income exceeding SFr 715,600.

The cantons and municipalities also impose their own local progressive income taxes, along with a net wealth tax and a parish tax. For a married couple without children, with a gross employment income of SFr 200,000, the combined federal, cantonal, municipal, and parish tax rates on income [illegible] ranged from a low of 8.3 percent in Zug to a high of 19 percent in Delemont. Households with higher incomes pay higher rates.

The Swiss economy has faced hard times in the past few years. One canton, Schaffhausen, is doing something about it by changing its tax law to attract wealthy people. **Beginning in January 2004, Schaffhausen will replace its system of increasing marginal tax rates on income with a system of degressive marginal rates.** The cantonal tax rate will be set at just under 8 percent for income of SFr 100,000. It will rise to a peak of 11.5 percent for income between SFr 600,000 and SFr 800,000. Thereafter, the marginal rate declines with each incremental chunk of income: 10 percent at SFr 1,300,000; 8 percent at SFr 3,000,000; and just over 6 percent for income more than SFr 10,000,000. This is a true incentive-based tax system—the larger one's income, the lower one's marginal rate.

Declining marginal tax rates will also apply to wealth taxes, further enhancing the degressivity of cantonal taxes.

Schaffhausen has its own legislative parliament, which contains eighty deputies representing all regions within the canton. Eight political parties compete for these seats. Evidently Schaffhausen's voters support a tax cut that gives the greatest benefits to the richest people. They believe that attracting wealthy individuals to reside in their midst is good for everyone.

Can it be that degressive marginal rates are even better than the flat tax, especially for a faltering economy?

—Alvin Rabushka

Paid for by the Hoover Institution, Stanford University.

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And who dreams this dream? The hardworking and trusted American homeowner. Through strong, disciplined management we have stayed focused on the homeowner from the beginning. In fact, this is the core of our business. We've helped put more than 50 million American families into homes of their own. This in turn has given us 16 years of strong financial performance. We expect there will be 30 million new Americans by 2010. And when they dream of owning a home, we'll be there. Because as the American Dream grows, so do we.[TM]

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